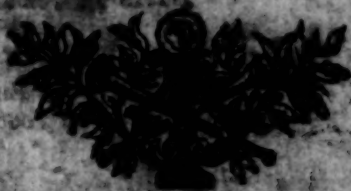


THE
CHEATS
OF
SCAPIN

As it is ACTED at the
Theatre in DUBLIN.

Written by Mr. Thomas Otway.



DUBLIN:

Printed by A. RAMES, for T. MOORE
Bookseller in Dame-Street, 1733.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Thrifty,</i>	<i>Mr. Reynolds.</i>
<i>Gripe,</i>	<i>Mr. Alcorn.</i>
<i>Octavian,</i>	<i>Mr. Jo. Elrington.</i>
<i>Leander,</i>	<i>Mr. Watson.</i>
<i>Scapin,</i>	<i>Mr. Gough.</i>
<i>Shift,</i>	<i>Mr. Parker.</i>
<i>Sly,</i>	<i>Mr. Rob. Layfield.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Clara,</i>	<i>Mrs. Wrightson.</i>
<i>Lucia,</i>	<i>Miss Butcher.</i>



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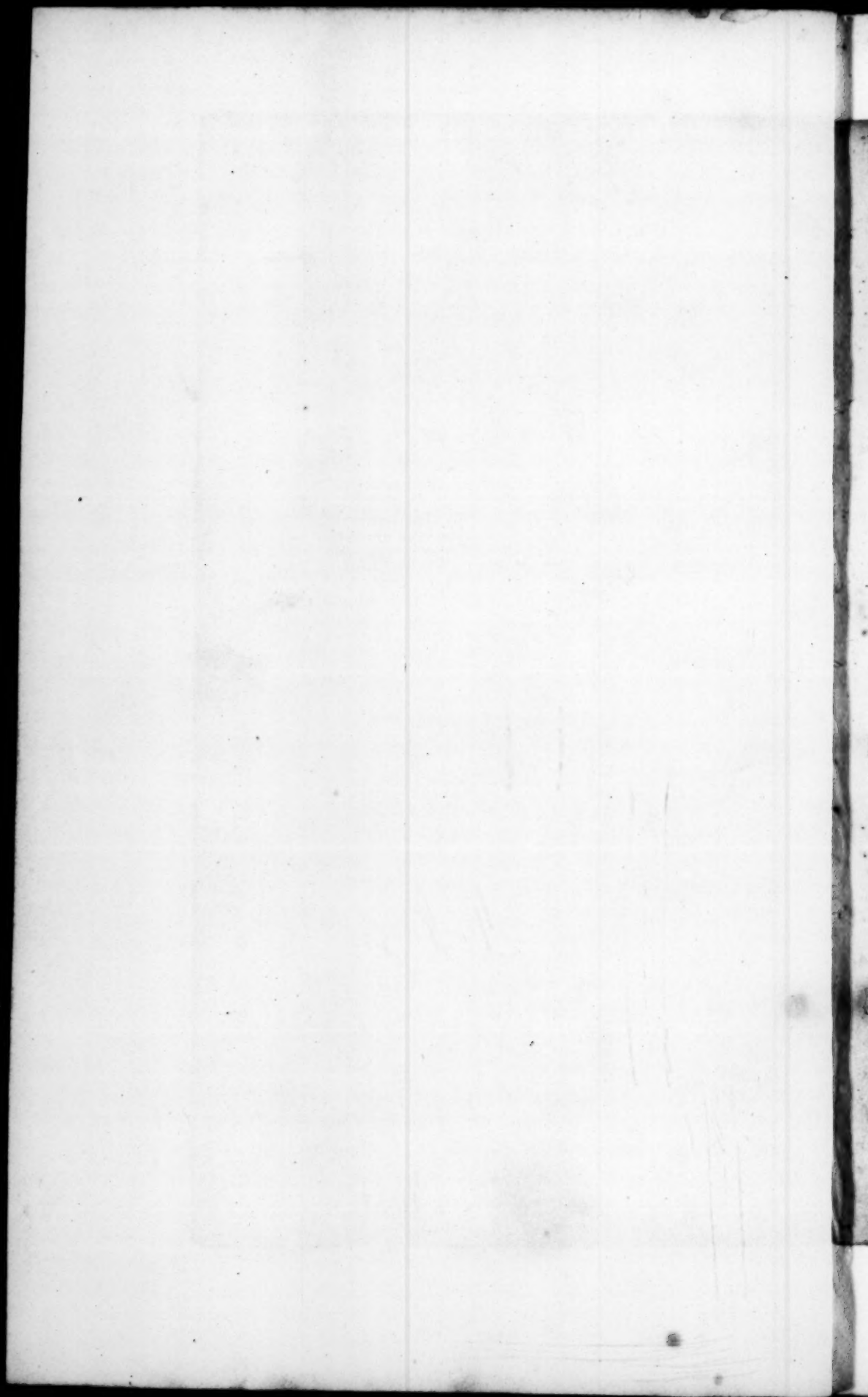
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William ^{THE} Pinder
Cheats of SCAPIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Octavian and Shift.

OCTAVIAN.

THIS is unhappy News; I did not expect my Father in two Months, and yet you say he is return'd already.

Shift. 'Tis but too true.

Oct. That he arriv'd this Morning?

Shift. This very Morning.

Oct. And that he is come with a Resolution to marry me?

Shift. Yes, Sir, to marry you.

Oct. I am ruin'd and undone; prithee advise me.

Shift. Advise you?

Oct. Yes, advise me. Thou art as surly, as if thou really couldst do me no Good. Speak: Has Necessity taught thee no Wit? Hast thou no Shift?

Shift. Lord, Sir, I am at present very busy in contriving some Trick to save my self; I am first prudent, and then good-natur'd.

Off. How will my Father rage and storm, when he understands what Things have happen'd in his Absence? I dread his Anger and Reproaches.

Shift. Reproaches! Wou'd I could be quit of him so easily; methinks I feel him already on my Shoulders.

Off. Disinheriting is the least I can expect.

Shift. You should have thought of this before, and not have fall'n in love with I know not whom, one that you met by chance in the *Dover-Coach*: She is indeed a good smug Lafs, but God knows what she is besides; perhaps some——

Off. Villain.

Shift. I have done, Sir, I have done.

Off. I have no Friend that can appease my Father's Anger, and now I shall be betray'd to Want and Misery.

Shift. For my part I know but one Remedy in our Misfortunes.

Off. Prithee, what is it?

Shift. You know that Rogue and Arch-Cheat, *Scapin*.

Off. Well; what of him?

Shift. There is not a more subtle Fellow breathing; so cunning, he can cheat one newly cheated; 'tis such a wheedling Rogue, I'd undertake in two Hours he shall make your Father forgive you all; nay, allow you Money for your necessary Debauches: I saw him in three Days make an old cautious Lawyer turn Chymist and Projector.

Off. He is the fittest Person in the World for my Business; the impudent Varlet can do any thing with the peevish old Man. Prithee go look him out, we'll set him a-work immediately.

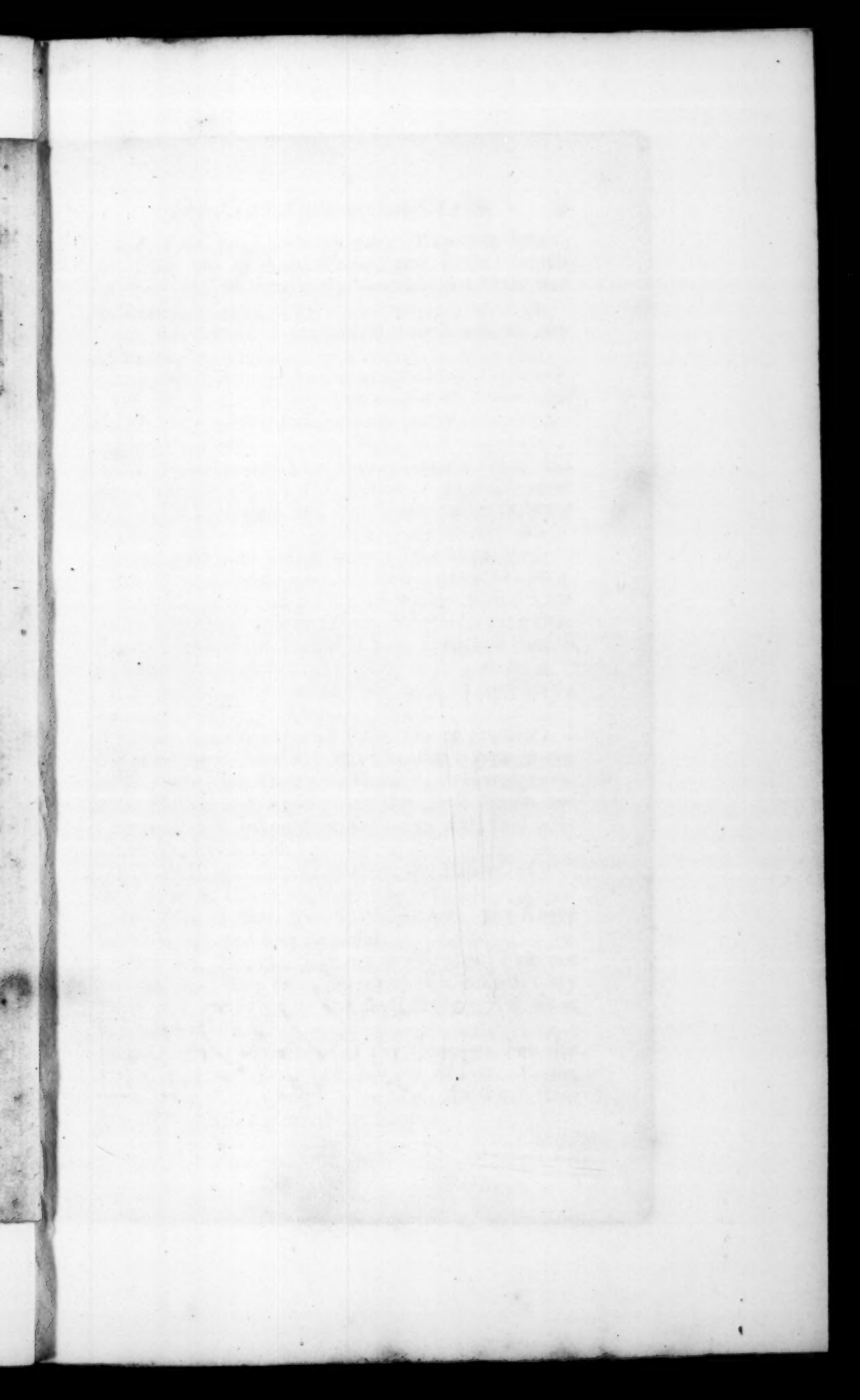
Shift. See where he comes—— *Monsieur Scapin.*

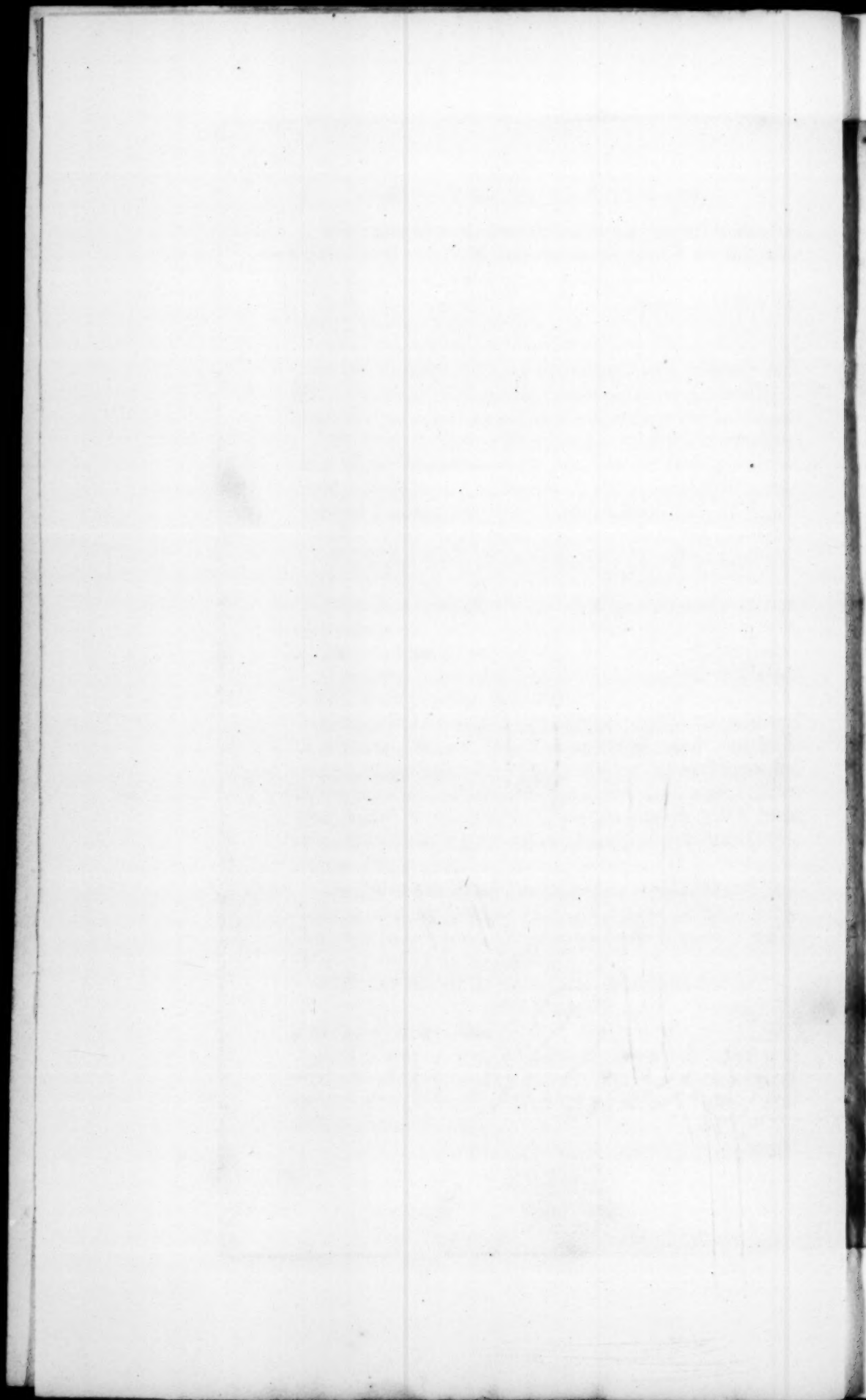
Enter Scapin.

Scap. Worthy Sir!

Shift. I have been giving my Master a brief Account of thy most noble Qualities; I told him thou wert as valiant as a ridden Cuckold, sincere as Whores, honest as Pimps in Want.

Scap.





The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 5.

Scap. Alas, Sir, I but copy you: 'Tis you are brave; you scorn the Cobbets, Halters and Prisons which threaten you, and valiantly proceed in Cheats and Robberies.

Off. Oh *Scapin*! I am utterly ruin'd without thy Assistance.

Scap. Why, what's the matter, good Mr. *Claviano*?

Off. My Father is this Day arriv'd at *Dover* with old Mr. *Gripe*, with a Resolution to marry me.

Scap. Very well.

Off. Thou knowest I am already marry'd: How will my Father resent my Disobedience? I am for ever lost, unless thou canst find some Means to reconcile me to him.

Scap. Does your Father know of the Marriage?

Off. I am afraid he is by this time acquainted with it.

Scap. No matter, no matter, all shall be well; I am publick-spirited: I love to help distressed young Gentlemen; and thank Heav'n I have had good Success enough.

Off. Besides, my present Want must be consider'd; I am in Rebellion without any Money.

Scap. I have Tricks and Shifts too to get that: I cheat upon Occasions; but Cheating is now grown an ill Trade; yet Heav'n be thank'd, there were never more Cullies and Fools; but the great Rooks and Cheats allow'd by publick Authority ruin such little Under-Traders as I am.

Off. Well, get thee strait about thy Business: Canst thou make no Use of my Rogue here?

Scap. Yes, I shall want his Assistance; the Knave has Cunning, and may be useful.

Shift. Ay, Sir; but like other wise Men, I am not over-valiant; Pray leave me out of this Business: My Fears will betray you; you shall execute, I'll sit at home and advise.

Scap. I stand not in need of thy Courage, but thy Impudence, and thou hast enough of that: Come, come, thou shalt along: What Man, stand out for a Feating? that's the worst can happen.

Shift

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Shift. Well, well.

Enter Clara.

Off. Here comes my dearest ~~Clara~~. *Father*

Cl. Ah me, *Offavian*! I hear sad News: They say your Father is return'd.

Off. Alas! 'tis true, and I am the most unfortunate Person in the World; but 'tis not my own Misery that I consider, but yours: How can you bear those Wants to which we must be both reduc'd?

Cl. Love shall teach me, that can make all things easy to us; which is a Sign it is the chiefest Good: But I have other Cares. Will you be ever constant? Shall not your Father's Severity constrain you to be false?

Off. Never, my Dearest, never.

Cl. They that love much may be allow'd some Fears.

Scap. Come, come; we have now no time to hear you speak fine tender things to one another: Pray do you prepare to encounter with your Father.

Cl. I tremble at the Thoughts of it.

Scap. You must appear resolute at first: Tell him you can live without troubling him; threaten him to turn Soldier; or, what will frighten him worse, say, you'll turn Poet. Come, I'll warrant you, we bring him to Composition.

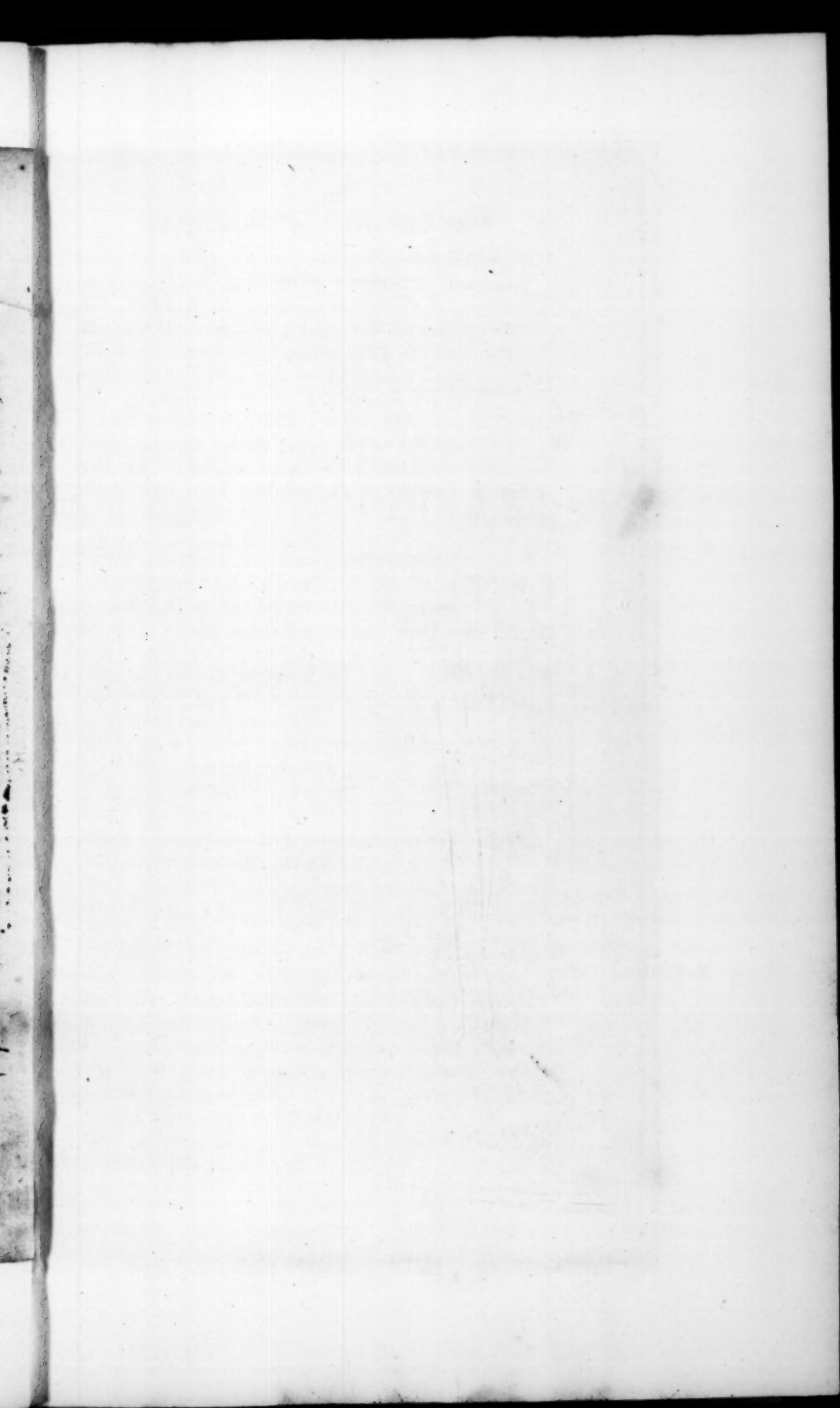
Off. What would I give 'twere over?

Scap. Let us practise a little what you are to do. Suppose me your Father, very grave, and very angry.

Off. Well.

Scap. Do you look very carelessly, like a small Courier upon his Country Acquaintance, a little more furlily; — Very well: — Now I come full of Fatherly Authority —

Offavian, thou makest me weep to see thee; but alas they are not Tears of Joy, but Tears of Sorrow. Did ever so good a Father beget so ~~loose~~ a Son? Nay, but ~~for that I think thy Mother virtuous, I should pronounce~~ ~~thou art not mine~~, Newgate-Bird, Rogue, Villain, what a Trick hast thou play'd me in my Absence? Marry'd? Yes: But to whom? Nay that thou knowest not. I'll warrant you some Waiting-Woman corrupted in a civil Family,



The CREATS of SCAPIN. 7

Family, and reduc'd to one of the Play-houses, remov'd from thence by some Keeping Coxcomb, or——

Acta. Glia. Hold, *Scapin*, hold——

Sca. No Offence, *Lady*, I speak but another's Words.

Thou abominable Rascal, thou shalt not have a Groat, not a Groat. Besides, I will break all thy Bones ten times over; get thee out of my House——

Why, Sir, you reply not a Word, but stand as bashfully as a Girl that is examin'd by a Bawdy Judge about a Rape.

Off. Look, yonder comes my Father——

Scap. Stay, *Shift*, and get you two gone; let me alone to manage the old Fellow. [*Ex. Off. and Clara.*]

Enter Thrifty.

Thrif. Was there ever such a rash Action?

Scap. He has been inform'd of the Business, and is now so full of it that he vents it to himself.

Thrif. I would fain hear what they can say for themselves.

Scap. We are not unprovided. [*At a Distance.*]

Thrif. Will they be so impudent to deny the Thing?

Scap. We never intend it.

Thrif. Or will they endeavour to excuse it?

Scap. That perhaps we may do.

Thrif. But all shall be in vain.

Scap. We'll try that.

Thrif. I know how to lay that Rogue my Son fast.

Scap. That we must prevent.

Thrif. And for the Tatterdemallion *Shift*, I'll thrash him to Death; I will be three Years a cudgelling him.

Shift. I wonder'd he had forgot me so long.

Thrif. Oh, oh! Yonder the Rascal is, that brave Governor! he tutor'd my Son finely.

Scap. Sir, I am overjoy'd at your safe Return.

Thrif. Good Morrow, *Scapin*. Indeed you have follow'd my Instructions very exactly, my Son has behaved himself very prudently in my Absence, has he not, Rascal, has he not?

Scap. I hope you are very well.

Thrif. Very well—— thou say'st not a Word Varlet, thou say'st not a Word.

Scap

Scap. Had you a good Voyage, Mr. *Thrifty*?

Thrif. Lord, Sir! a very good Voyage; pray give a Man a little Leave to vent his Choler.

Scap. Would you be in Choler, Sir?

Thrif. Ay, Sir, I would be in Choler.

Scap. Pray with whom?

Thrif. With that confounded Regue there.

Scap. Upon what Reason?

Thrif. Upon what Reason? Hast thou not heard what hath happen'd in my Absence?

Scap. I heard a little idle Story.

Thrif. A little idle Story, quoth-a! why Man, my Son's undone, my Son's undone.

Scap. Come, come, Things have not been well carry'd; but I would advise you to make no more of it.

Thrif. I am not of your Opinion, I'll make the whole Town ring of it.

Scap. Lord, Sir, I have storm'd about this Business as much as you can do for your Heart, but what are we both the better? I told him, Indeed, Mr. *Octavian*, you do not do well to wrong so good a Father: I preached him three or four times asleep, but all would not do; till at last, when I had well examin'd the Business, I found you had not so much Wrong done you as you imagine.

Thrif. How, not Wrong done me, to have my Son marry'd without my Consent to a Beggar!

Scap. Alas, he was ordain'd to it.

Thrif. That's fine indeed; we shall steal, cheat, murder, and so be hang'd, then say we were ordain'd to it.

Scap. Truly, I did not think you so subtle a Philosopher; I mean he was fatally engag'd in this Affair.

Thrif. Why did he engage himself?

Scap. Very true indeed, very true; but suppose you now, would you have him as wise as your self? Young Men will have their Follies, witness my Charge *Leander*; who has gone and thrown away himself at a stranger rate than your Son. I would fain know if you were not once young your self; yes I warrant you, and had your Frailties.

Thrif.

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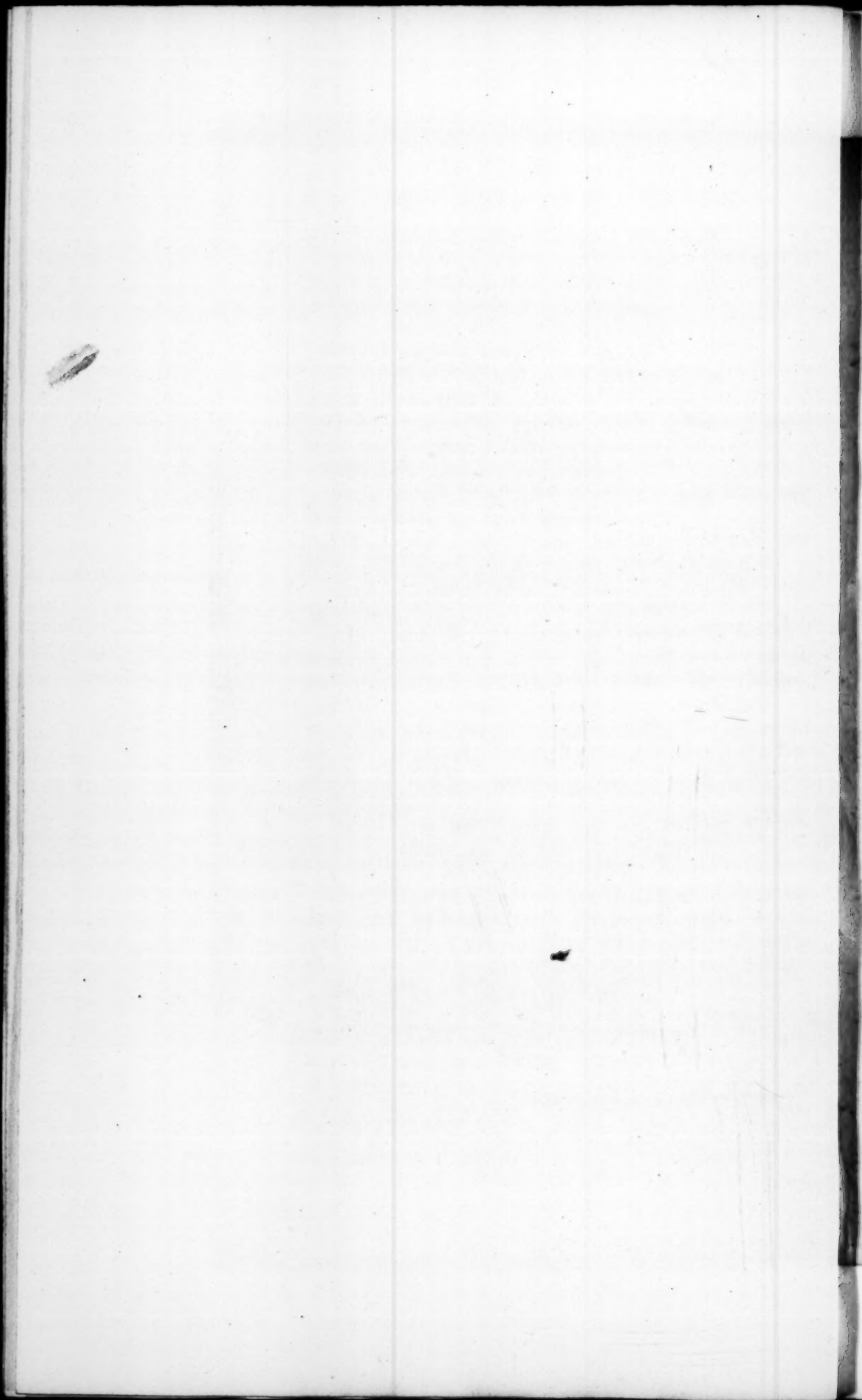
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The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 9

Thrif. Yes, but they never cost me any thing; a Man may be as frail and as wicked as he please, if it cost him nothing.

Scap. Alas, he was so in love with the young Wench; that if he had not had her, he must have certainly hang'd himself.

Thrif. Must! why he had already done it, but that I came very seasonably and cut the Rope.

Thrif. Didst thou cut the Rope, Dog? I'll murder thee for that; thou shouldst have let him hang.

Scap. Besides, her Kindred surpriz'd him with her, and forc'd him to marry her.

Thrif. Then should he have presently gone, and protested against the Violence at a Notary's.

Scap. O Lord, Sir, he scorn'd that.

Thrif. Then might I easily have disannull'd the Marriage.

Scap. Disannul the Marriage?

Thrif. Yes.

Scap. You shall not break the Marriage.

Thrif. Shall not I break it?

Scap. No.

Thrif. What, shall not I claim the Privilege of a Father, and have Satisfaction for the Violence done to my Son?

Scap. 'Tis a Thing he will never consent to.

Thrif. He will not consent to!

Scap. No: Would you have him confess he was hector'd into any thing? that is to declare himself a Coward: O fie, Sir, one that has the Honour of being your Son, can never do such a thing.

Thrif. Pish, talk not to me of Honour; he shall do it or be disinherited.

Scap. Who shall disinherit him?

Thrif. That will I, Sir.

Scap. You disinherit him! very good.

Thrif. How very good?

Scap. You shall not disinherit him.

Thrif. Shall not I disinherit him?

Scap. No.

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Thrif. No?

Scap. No.

Thrif. Sir, you are very merry; I shall not disinherite my Son?

Scap. No, I tell you.

Thrif. Pray who shall hinder me?

Scap. Alas, Sir, your own self, Sir; your own self.

Thrif. I my self?

Scap. Yes, Sir, for you can never have the Heart to do it.

Thrif. You shall find I can, Sir.

Scap. Come, you deceive your self; ~~Fatherly Affection must show it self, it must, it must~~; do not I know you were ever tender-hearted?

Thrif. Y'are mistaken, Sir; y'are mistaken:—Pish, why do I spend my Time in Tittle-tattle with this idle Fellow?—Hang-dog, go find out my Rake-Hell, —[to Shift] whilst I go to my Brother Gripe, and inform him of my Misfortune.

Scap. In the mean time, if I can do you any Service—

Thrif. O! I thank you, Sir, I thank you—[Ex. Thrif.]

Shift. I must confess, thou art a brave Fellow, and our Affairs begin to be in a better Posture—but the Money, the Money—we are abominable poor, and my Matter has the lean vigilant Duns that torment him more than an old Mother does a poor Gallant, when she solicits a Maintenance for her discarded Daughter.

Scap. Your Money shall be my next Care—let me see, I want a Fellow to—Canst thou not counterfeit a roaring Bully of *Alsatia*?—Stalk—look big—very well. Follow me, I have Ways to disguise thy Voice and Countenance.

Shift. Pray take a little Care, and lay your Plot so that I may not act the Bully always; I would not be beaten like a Bully.

Scap. We'll share the Danger, we'll share the Danger

[Exeunt.]

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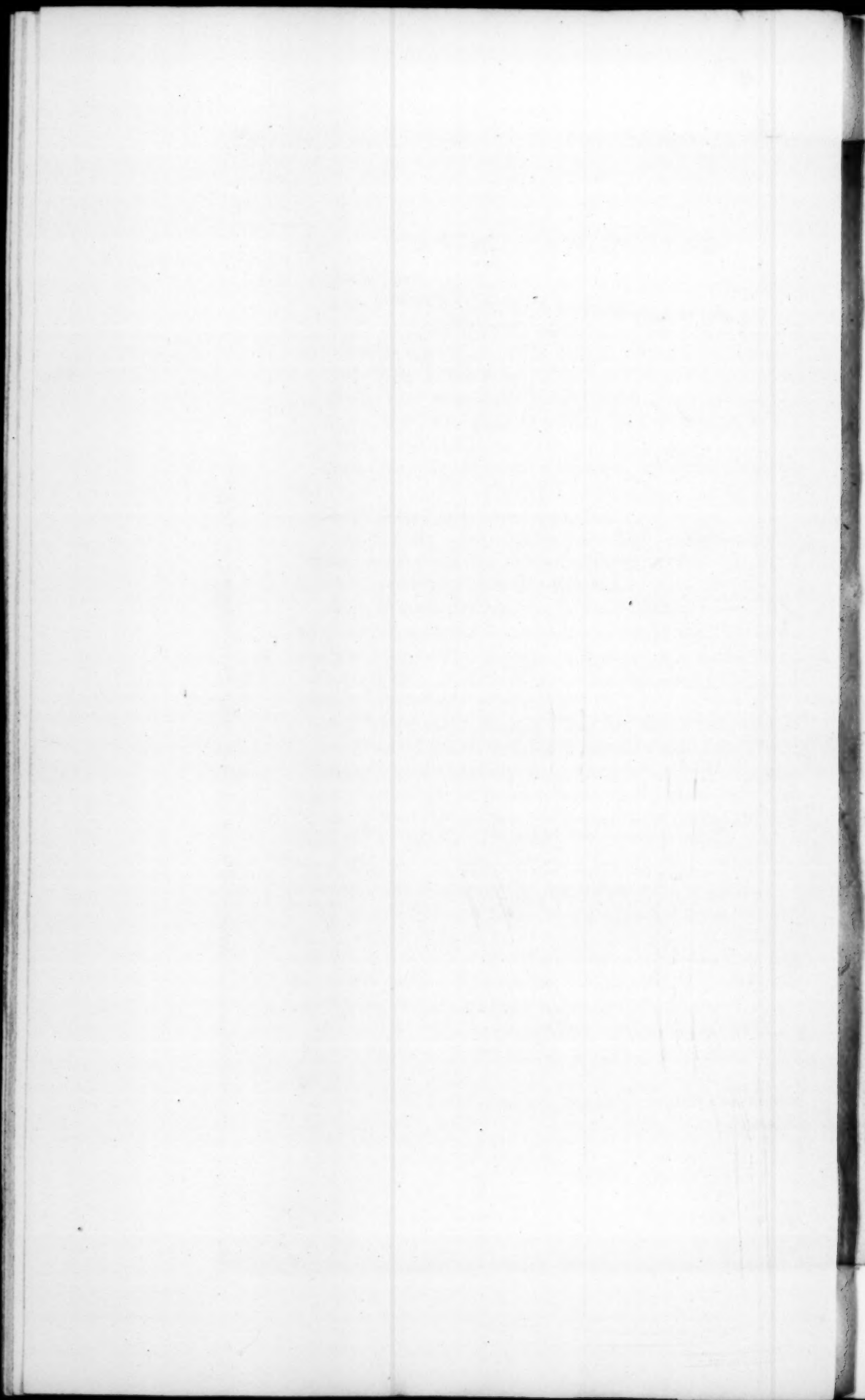
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The CHEATS of SCAPIN. II

~~ACT II SCENE I~~

Enter Thrifty and Gripe. OP

Gripe. SIR, what you tell me concerning your Son, hath strangely frustrated our Designs.

Thrif. Trouble not your Self about my Son; I have undertaken to remove all Obstacles, which is the Business I am so vigorously in pursuit of.

Gripe. In troth, Sir, I will tell you what I say to you: The Education of Children, after the getting of 'em, ought to be the nearest Concern of a Father. And had you tutor'd your Son with that Care and Duty incumbent on you, he never could so slightly have forfeited his.

Thrif. Sir, to return you a Sentence for your Sentence: Those that are so quick to censure and condemn the Conduct of others, ought first to take care that all be well at home.

Gripe. Why, Mr. *Thrifty*, have you heard any thing concerning my Son?

Thrif. It may be I have; and it may be worse than of my own.

Gripe. What is't I pray? my Son?

Thrif. Ev'n your own *Scapin* told it me, and you may hear it from him or some body else: For my part I am your Friend, and would not willingly be the Messenger of ill News to one that I think so to me. Your Servant: I must hasten to my Council, and advise what is to be done in this Case. God-bu'y till I see you again.

[*Exit Thrifty.* OP

Gripe. Worse than his Son! For my part I cannot imagine how; for a Son to marry impudently without the Consent of his Father, is as great an Offence as can be imagin'd, I take it: But yonder he comes. PS

Enter Leander.

Leand. Oh my dear Father, how joyful am I to see you safely return'd! Welcome, as the Blessing which I am now craving will be.

Gripe.

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Gripe. Not so fast, Friend a'mine ; soft and fair goes far, Sir. You are my Son, as I take it.

Leand. What d'ye mean, Sir ?

Gripe. Stand still, and let me look ye in the Face.

Leand. How must I stand, Sir ?

Gripe. Look upon me with both Eyes.

Leand. Well, Sir, I do.

Gripe. What's the meaning of this Report ?

Leand. Report, Sir ?

Gripe. Yes, Report Sir, I speak *English*, as I take it : What is't that you have done in my Absence ?

Leand. What is't, Sir, which you would have had me done ?

Gripe. I do not ask you, what I would have had you done ; but what have you done ?

Leand. Who I, Sir ? why I have done nothing at all, not I, Sir.

Gripe. Nothing at all ?

Leand. No, Sir.

Gripe. You have no Impudence to speak on.

Leand. Sir, I have the Confidence that becomes a Man and my Innocence.

Gripe. Very well ; but, *Scapin*, d'ye mark me, young Man, *Scapin* has told me some Tales of your Behaviour.

Leand. *Scapin* !

Gripe. Oh have I caught you ? That Name makes ye blush, does it ? 'Tis well you have some Grace left.

Leand. Has he said any thing concerning me ?

Gri. That shall be examin'd anon : In the mean while get you home, d'ye hear, and stay till my Return ; but look to't, if thou hast done any thing to dishonour me, never think to come within my Doors, or see my Face more ; but expect to be as miserable as thy Folly and Poverty can make thee.

Exit Gripe.

Leand. Very fine : I am in a hopeful Condition : This Rascal has betray'd my Marriage, and undone me : Now there is no way left but to turn Outlaw, and live by Rapine ; and to set my Hand in, the first thing shall be to cut the Throat of that perfidious Pick-thank Dog that has ruin'd me.

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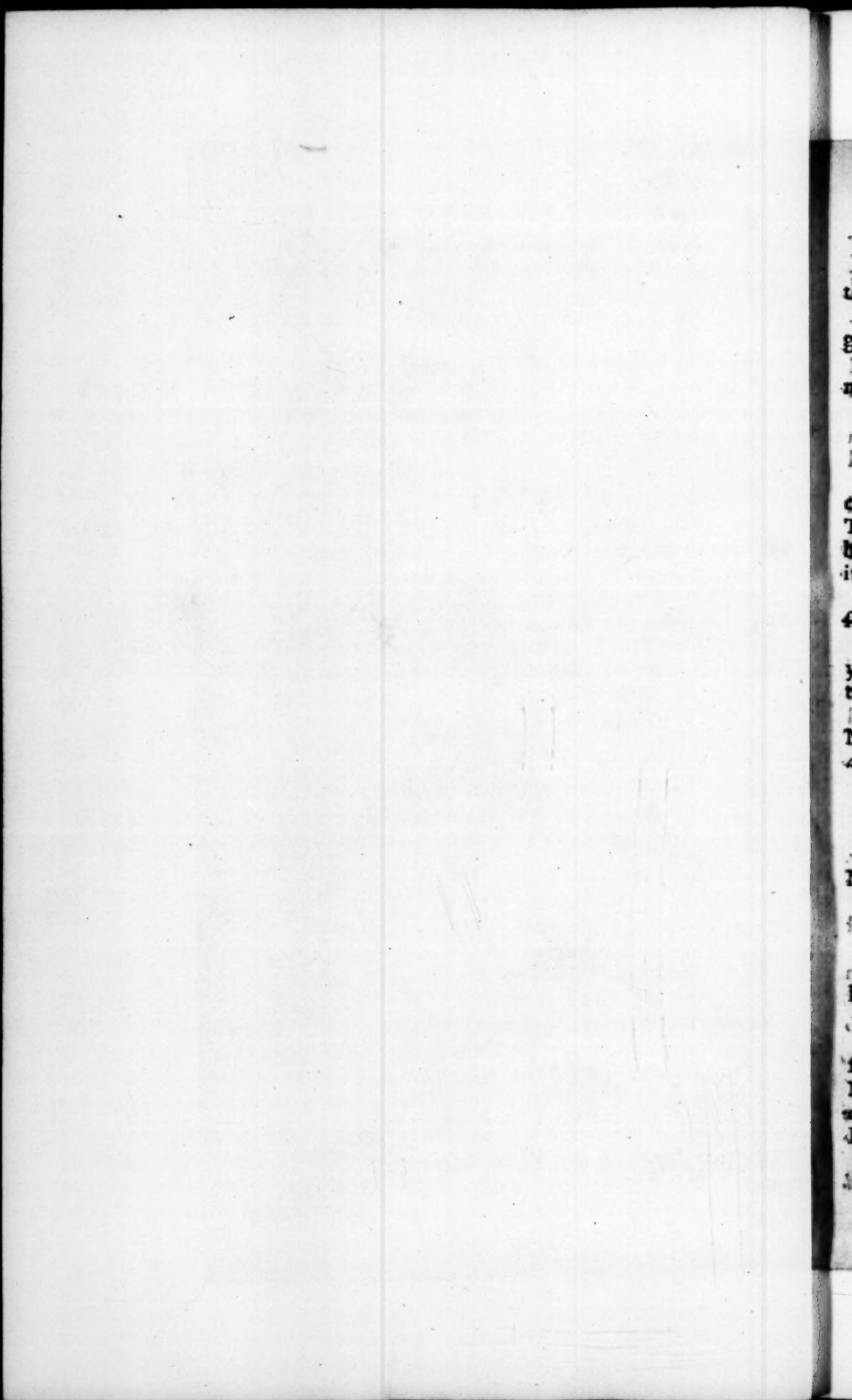
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The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 13

Enter Octavian and Scapin.

Oct. Dear Scapin, how infinitely am I obliged to thee for thy Care!

Leand. Yonder he comes: I'm overjoy'd to see you, good Mr. Dog!

Scap. Sir, your most humble Servant, you honour me too far,

Leand. You act an ill Fool's Part; but I shall teach you.

Scap. Sir, if you will I shall teach you too.

Oct. Hold, Leander.

Leand. No, Octavian, I'll make him confess the Treachery he has committed; yes, Varlet, Dog, I know the Trick you have play'd me: you thought perhaps nobody would have told me: But I'll make you confess it, or I'll run my Sword into your Guts.

Scap. Oh Sir, Sir, would you have the Heart to do such a thing? have I done you any Injury, Sir?

Leand. Yes, Rascal, that you have, and I'll make you own it too, or I'll swinge it out of your already tann'd thick Hide. [Beats him.]

Scap. The Devil's in't. Lord, Sir, what d'ye mean? Nay, good Mr. Leander, pray, Mr. Leander; Squire Leander—as I hope to be sav'd—

Oct. Prithee be quiet; for Shame, enough. [Interjects.]

Scap. Well, Sir, I confess indeed that—

Leand. What! speak, Rogue.

Scap. About two Months ago you may remember, a Maid-servant dy'd in the House—

Leand. What of all that?

Scap. Nay, Sir, if I confess you must not be angry.

Leand. Well, go on.

Scap. 'Twas said she dy'd for Love of me, Sir: But let that pass.

Leand. Death, you trifling Buffoon.

Scap. About a Week after her Death, I dress'd up my self like her Ghost, and went into Madam Lucia, your Mistress's Chamber, where she lay half in, half out of Bed, with her Woman by her, reading an ungodly Play-Book.

Leand. And was it your Impudence did that?

Scap. C

reading Scap. They both believe it was a Ghost to this Hour. But it was my self play'd the Goblin, to frighten her from the scurvy Custom of lying awake at these unreasonable Hours, ~~hearing~~ ~~filthy~~ Plays, when she had never said her Prayers.

Leand. I shall remember you for all in time and place. But come to the Point, and tell me what thou hast said to my Father.

Scap. To your Father? I have not so much as seen him since his Return, and if you'd ask him he'll tell you so himself.

Leand. Yes, he told me himself, and told me all that thou hast said to him.

Scap. With your good Leave, Sir, then he ly'd; I beg your Pardon, I mean he was mistaken.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh, Sir, I bring you the most unhappy News.

Leand. What's the matter?

Sly. Your Mistress, Sir, is yonder arrested in an Action of 200 l. They say 'tis a Debt she left unpaid at London, in the haste of her Escape hither to Dover; and if you don't raise Money within these two Hours to discharge her, she'll be hurry'd to Prison.

Leand. Within these two Hours?

Sly. Yes, Sir, within these two Hours.

Leand. Ah my poor Scapin, I want thy Assistance.

[Scapin walks about furiously.]

Scap. Ah my poor Scapin! Now I'm your poor Scapin, now you've need of me.

Leand. No more; I pardon thee all that thou hast done, and worse if thou art guilty of it.

Scap. No, no, never pardon me; run your Sword in my Guts, you'll do better to murder me.

Leand. For Heav'n's sake, think no more upon that, but study now to assist me.

Oct. You must do something for him.

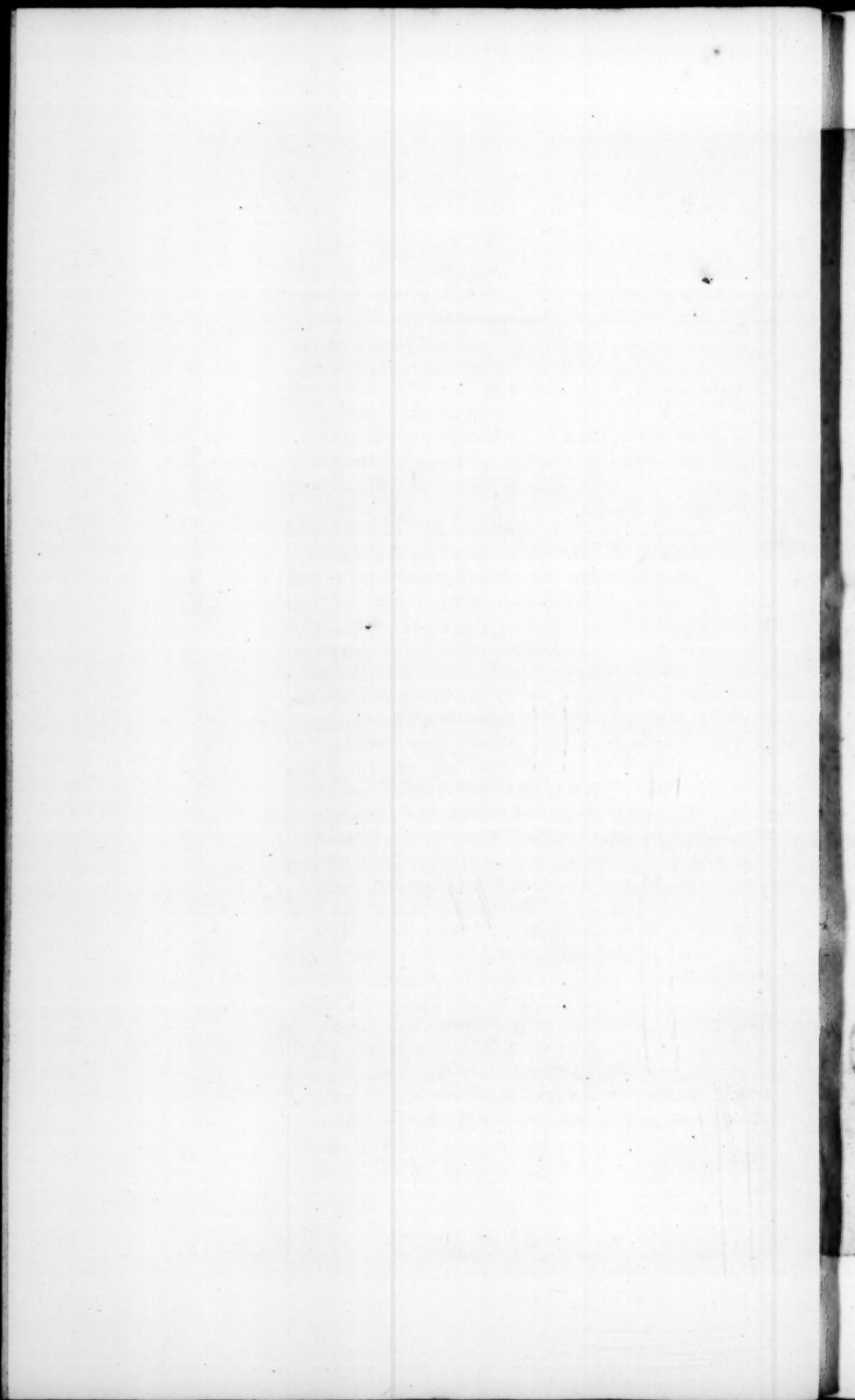
Scap. Yes to have my Bones broken for my Pains.

Leand. Would you leave me, Scapin, in this severe Extremity?

Scap. To put such an Affront upon me as you did.

Leand.

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Leand. I wrong'd thee, I confess.

Scap. To use me like a Scoundrel, a Villain, a Rascal, to threaten to run your Sword in my Guts.

Leand. I cry thy Mercy with all my Heart; and if thou wilt have me throw my self at thy Feet, I'll do't.

Off. Faith, *Scapin*, you must; you cannot but yield.

Scap. Well then. But d'ye mark me, Sir, another time better Words, and gentler Blows.

Leand. Will you promise to mind my Business.

Scap. As I see convenient, care shall be taken.

Leand. But the Time you know is short.

Scap. Pray, Sir, don't be so troublesome: How much Money is't you want?

Leand. Two hundred Pounds.

Scap. And you?

Off. As much.

Scap. to *Leander*] No more to be said; it shall be done: For you the Contrivance is laid already; and for your Father, tho' he be covetous to the last degree, yet, thanks be to Heav'n, he's but a shallow Person, his Parts are not extraordinary: Do not take it ill, Sir, for you have no resemblance of him, but that y^e are very like him. Begone; I see *Officiarius*'s Father coming, I'll begin with him.

Exeunt Off. and Leand.

Enter Thrifty.

Here he comes, mumbling and chewing the Cud, to prove himself a clean Beast.

Thrif. Oh, audacious Boy, to commit so insolent a Crime, and plunge himself in such a Mischief!

Scap. Sir, your humble Servant.

Thrif. How do you, *Scapin*?

Scap. What, you are ruminating on your Son's rash Actions?

Thrif. Have I not reason to be troubled?

Scap. The Life of Man is full of Troubles, that's the truth ont: But your Philosopher is always prepar'd. I remember an excellent Proverb of the Antients, very fit for your Case,

Thrif. What's that?

Scap. Pray, mind it, 'twill do ye a world of good.

Thrif. What is't, I ask you?

Scap. Why, when the Master of a Family shall be absent any considerable time from his Home or Mansion, he ought rationally, gravely, wisely, and philosophical-ly, to resolve within his Mind all the concurrent Circumstances, that may, during the Interval, conspire to the Conjunction of those Misfortunes and troublesome Accidents that may intervene upon the said Absence, and the Interruption of his Oeconomical Inspection, into the Remissness, Negligencies, Frailties, and huge and perillous Errors, which his Substitutes, Servants, or Trustees, may be capable of, or liable and obnoxious unto; which may arise from the imperfection and corruptness of ingenerated Natures, or the taint and contagion of corrupted Education, whereby the Fountain-head of Man's Disposition becomes muddy, and all the Streams of his Manners and Conversation run consequently defil'd and impure: These things premis'd, and fore-consider'd, arm the said prudent Philosophical *Pater-Familias*, to find his House laid waste, his Wife murder'd, his Daughters deflower'd, his Sons hang'd:

Comm. multis aliis quæcumque personarum longum est.
and to thank Heav'n 'tis no worse too. D'ye mark, Sir?

Thrif. S'dearth! Is all this a Proverb?

Scap. Ay, and the best Proverb; and the wisest in the World, Good Sir, get it by Heart: 'Twill do you the greatest good imaginable; and don't trouble your self: I'll repeat it to you till you have gotten it by heart.

Thrif. No, I thank you, Sir, I'll have none on't.

Scap. Pray do, you'll like it better next time; hear it once more, I say, — When the Master of a —

Thrif. Hold, hold, I have better Thoughts of my own; I am going to my Lawyer; I'll null the Marriage.

Scap. Going to Law! Are ye mad to venture your self among Lawyers: [Do ye not see every Day how the Spunges suck poor Clients, and with a Company of foolish, nonsensical Terms, and knavish Tricks, undo the Nation? (No, you shall take another way.)

Thrif. ~~Yea, I have reason~~, if there were any other way.

Scap. Come, I have found one: The Trick is —

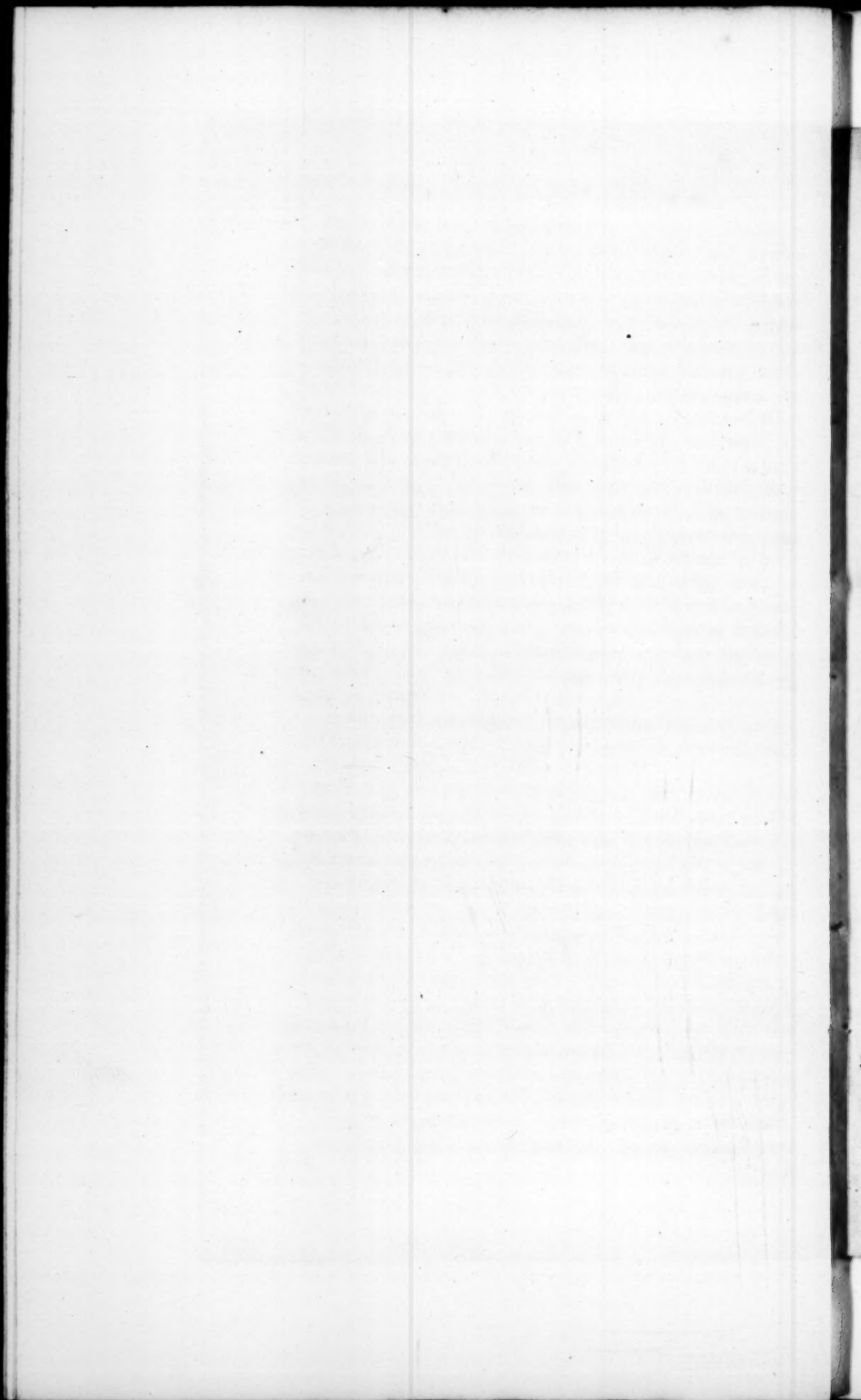
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The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 217

~~a great Compassion for your Grief.~~ I cannot, when I see tender Fathers afflicted for their Sons Miscarriages, but have Bowels for 'em; I have much ado to refrain weeping for you.

Thrif. Truly my Case is sad, very sad.

Scap. So it is; Tears will burst out; I have a great Respect for your Person. *[Counterfeits weeping.]*

Thrif. Thank you with all my Heart; in troth we should have a Fellow-feeling.

Scap. Ay, so we should; I assure you there is not a Person in the World whom I respect more than the noble Mr. *Thrif*.

Thrif. Thou art honest *Scapin*. Ha'done, ha'done.

Scap. Sir, your most humble Servant.

Thrif. But what is your Way?

Scap. Why, in brief, I have been with the Brother of her whom your wicked Son has married.

Thrif. What is he?

Scap. A most outrageous roaring Fellow, with a down, hanging Look, contracted Brow, with a swell'd red Face inflam'd with Brandy; one that frowns, pouts, and looks big at all Mankind, roars out Oaths, and belcheth out Curses enough in a Day to leave a Garrison a Week; bred up in Blood and Rapine, used to Slaughter from his Youth upwards; one that makes no more Conscience of killing a Man, than cracking of a Loue; he has killed Sixteen, Four for taking the Wall of him, Five for looking too big upon him, Two he shot pissing against the Wall. In short, he is the most dreadful of all the Race of Bullies.

Thrif. Heaven! how do I tremble at the Description? But what's this to my Business?

Scap. Why, he (as most Bullies are) is in want, and I have brought him, by threatening him with all the Courses of Law, all the Assistance of your Friends, and your great Purse, (in which I venture'd my Life ten times, for so often he run and draw at me) that I say, at last I have made him hearken to a Composition, and to null the Marriage for a Sum of Money.

Thrif. Thanks, dear *Scapin*, but what Sum?

Scap.

Scap. Faith he was damnably unreasonable at first, and 'gad I told him so very roundly.

Thrif. A Pox on him what did he ask?

Scap. Ask? Hang him, why he ask'd 500 l.

Thrif. 'Ouns and Heart, 500 l. Five hundred Devils take him——and fry and frigatee the Dog; does he take me for a Madman?

Scap. Why so I said; and after much Argument I brought him to this: Damme, says he, I am going to the Army, and I must have two good Horses for my self, for fear one should die; and those will cost at least threescore Guineas.

Thrif. Hang him Rogue! why should he have two Horses? but I care not if I give threescore Guineas to be rid of this Affair.

Scap. Then, says he, my Pistols, Saddle, Hose, Cloth and all, will cost twenty more.

Thrif. Why that's fourscore.

Scap. Well reckon'd: Faith this Arithmetick is a fine Art. Then I must have one for my Boy will cost twenty more.

Thrif. Oh the Devil! confounded Dog! let him go and be damn'd, I'll give him nothing.

Scap. Sir,

Thrif. Not a Sous, damn'd Rascal, let him turn Foot-Soldier and be hang'd.

Scap. He has a Man besides; would you have him go a-foot?

Thrif. Ay, and his Master too, I'll have nothing to do with him.

Scap. Well, you are resolv'd to spend twice as much at Doctors-Commons, you are; you will stand out for such a Sum as this, do.

Thrif. Oh damn'd unconscionable Rascal! well, if it must be so, let him have the other twenty.

Scap. Twenty! why it comes to forty.

Thrif. No, I'll have nothing to do in it. Oh, a covetous Rogue! I wonder he is not ashamed to be so coverous.

Scap.

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Scap. Why this is nothing to the Charge at *Doctors Commons*; and tho' her Brother has no Money, she has an Uncle able to defend her.

Thrif. Oh eternal Rogue! well I must do't, the Devil's in him, I think!

Scap. Then, says he, I must carry into France Money to buy a Mule, to carry—

Thrif. Let him to the Devil with his Mule, Ill appeal to the Judges.

Scap. Nay, good Sir, think a little.

Thrif. No, I'll do nothing.

Scap. Sir, Sir, but one little Mule?

Thrif. No not so much as an Ass.

Scap. Consider.

Thrif. I will not consider, I'll go to Law.

Scap. I am sure if you go to Law, you do not consider the Appeals, Degrees of Jurisdiction, the intricate Proceedings, the Knaveries, the Craving of so many ravenous Animals that will prey upon you, *villains*

the Promoters, Tipstaves, and the like; none of which but will puff away the clearest Right in the World for a Bribe. On the other side, the Proctor shall sell your Adversary, and sell your Cause for ready Money: Your Advocate shall be gain'd the same way, and shall not be found when your Cause is to be heard. Law is a Torment of all Torments.

Thrif. That's true: Why, what does the damn'd Rogue—reckon for his Mule?

Scap. Why, for Horses, Furniture, Mule, and to pay some Scores that are due to his Landlady, he demands, and will have, two hundred Pounds.

Thrif. Come, come, let's go to Law.

[Thrif. walks up and down in a great Heat.

Scap. Do but reflect upon—

Thrif. I'll go to Law.

Scap. Do not plunge yourself.

Thrif. To Law, I tell you.

Scap. Why, there's for Procuration, Presentation, Councils, Productions, Proctors, Attendance, and scribbling vast Volumes of Interrogatories, Depositions, and Articles,

Consultations and Pleadings of Doctors, for the Register, Substitute, Judgments, Signings—Expedition Fees, besides the vast Presents to them and their Wives: Hang't, the Fellow is out of Employment, give him the Money, give him it, I say.

Thrif. What, two hundred Pounds!

Scap. Ay, ay, why you'll gain 150 l. by it, I have sum'd it up; I say, give it him, I faith do.

Thrif. What, two hundred Pounds?

Scap. Ay; besides you ne'er think how they'll sail at you in Pleading, tell all your Fornications, Bastardings, and Commutings in their Courts.

Thrif. I defy 'em; let 'em tell of my Whoring, 'tis the Fashion.

Scap. Peace; here's the Brother.

Thrif. Oh Heav'n what shall I do?

Enter Shift disguised like a Bully.

Shift. Damme, where's this confounded Dog, this Father of *Obstination*? Null the Marriage: By all the Honour of my Ancestors I'll chine the Villain.

Thrif. Oh, oh!

[Hides himself behind Scapin.]

Scap. He cares not, Sir, he'll not give the 200 l.

Shift. By Heav'n he shall be worn to meat within these two Hours.

Scap. Sir, he has Courage, he fears you not.

Thrif. You lie, I have not Courage, I do fear him mortally.

Shift. He, he, he! Ounds he! would all his Family were in him, I'd cut off Root and Branch: Dishonour my Sister? This in his Guts: What Fellow's that? ha!

Scap. Not he, Sir.

Shift. Nor none of his Friends?

Thrif. No, Sir: Hang him, I am his mortal Enemy.

Shift. Art thou the Enemy of that Rascal?

Thrif. Oh! ay, hang him—Oh damn'd Bully!

Shift. Give me thy Hand, old Boy, the next Sun shall not see the impudent Rascal alive.

Scap. He'll muster up all his Relations against you.

Thrif. Do not provoke him, *Scapin*.

Shift.

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THE CHEATS of SCAPIN 17

Shift. Would they were all here. Ha! ha! ha! *[He foyns every way with his Sword.]*
Here I had one through the Lungs, there another into
the Heart: Ha! there another into the Guts: Ah,
Rogues! there I was with you: Ha! — ha! — ha!

Scap. Hold, Sir, we are none of your Enemies.

Shift. No, but I will find the Villains out while my
Blood is up; I will destroy the whole Family. Ha, ha,
ha! *[Exit Shift.]*

Thrif. Here, Scapin, I have 200 Guineas about me,
take 'em, No more to be said: Let me never see his
Face again; take 'em, I say: This is the Devil.

Scap. Will you not give 'em him your self?

Thrif. No, No! I'll never see him more; I shall not
recover this these three Months. See the Business done.
I trust in thee, honest Scapin: I must repose some-
where: I am mightily out of Order. — A Plague on
all Bullies! I say. *[Exit Thrif.]*

Scap. So there's one dispatch'd; I must now find out
Gripe: He's here; how Heav'n brings 'em into my Net:
one after another!

Enter Gripe.

Scap. Oh Heav'n! unlook'd for Misfortune; poor
Mr. Gripe, what wilt thou do? *[Walks about distractedly.]*

Gripe. What's that he says of me?

Scap. Is there no body can tell me News of Mr. Gripe?

Gripe. Who's there, Scapin?

Scap. How I run up and down to find him to no pur-
pose! Oh! Sir, is there no way to hear of Mr. Gripe?

Gripe. Art thou blind? I have been just under thy
Nose this Hour.

Scap. Sir —

Gripe. What's the matter?

Scap. Oh! Sir, your Son —

Gripe. Ha, my Son —

Scap. Is fall'n into the strangest Misfortune in the
World.

Gripe. What is't?

Scap. I met him a while ago, disorder'd for something
you had said to him, wherein you very idly mad use of

22 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

my Name. And seeking to divert his Melancholy, we went to Walk upon the Pier: Amongst other things, he took particular Notice of a new Caper in her full Trim: The Captain invited us aboard, and gave us the handsomest Collation I ever met with.

Gripe. Well, and where's the Disaster of all this?

Scap. While we were eating, he put to Sea; and when we were a good distance from the Shoar, he discover'd himself to be an *English* Renegade that was entertain'd in the *Dutch* Service, and sent me off in his Long-boat to tell you, That if you don't forthwith send him two Hundred Pounds, he'll carry away your Son Prisoner: Nay, for ought I know, he may carry him a Slave to *Algiers*.

Gripe. How, in the Devil's Name? 200 £.

Scap. Yes, Sir; and more than that, he has allowed me but an Hour's time; you must advise quickly what course to take to save an only Son.

Gripe. What a Devil had he to do a Shipboard? Run quickly, *Scapin*, and tell the Villain, I'll send my Lord Chief-Justices Warrant after him.

Scap. O law! his Warrant in the open Sea: d'ye you think Pirates are Fools?

Gripe. I th' Devil's Name, what Business had he a Shipboard?

Scap. There is an unlucky Fate that hurries Men to Mischief, Sir.

Gripe. *Scapin*, thou must now act the Part of a faithful Servant.

Scap. As how, Sir.

Gripe. Thou must go bid the Pirate send me my Son, and stay as a Pledge in his room, 'till I can raise the Money.

Scap. Alas, Sir, think you the Captain has so little Wit as to accept of such a poor rascally Fellow as I am, instead of your Son?

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. D'ye remember, Sir, that you have but one Hour's time?

Gripe. Thou say'st he demands—

Scap. 200 £.

Scap.

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The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 23

Gripe. 200 l. Has the Fellow no Conscience?

Scap. O law! the Conscience of a Pirate! why very few lawful Captains have any.

Gripe. Has he no Reason neither? Does he know what the Sum 200 l. is?

Scap. Yes, Sir, Tarpawlins are a sort of a People that understand Money, though they have no great Acquaintance with Sense. But for Heav'n's sake dispatch.

Gripe. Here take the Key of my Compting-House.

Scap. So.

Gripe. And open it.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. In the Left-hand Window lies the Key of my Garret; go take all the Cloaths that are in the great Chest, and sell them to the Brokers to redeem my Son.

Scap. Sir, y^e are mad; I shan't get Fifty Shillings for all that's there, and you know that I am freightned for time.

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?

Scap. Let Shipboard alone, and consider, Sir, your Son. But Heav'n's my Witness, I ha' done for him as much as was possible, and if he be not redeem'd he may hank his Father's kindness.

Gripe. Well, Sir, I'll go see if I can raise the Money. Was it not ninescore Pounds you spoke of?

Scap. No, 200 l.

Gripe. What, 200 l. Dutch, ha?

Scap. No, Sir, I mean English Money, 200 l. Sterling.

Gripe. I the Devil's Name, what Business had he a Shipboard? Confounded Shipboard.

Scap. This Shipboard sticks in his Stomach.

Gripe. Hold, *Scapin*, I remember I received the very Sum just now in Gold, but I did not think I should have parted with it so soon.

[*He presents Scapin his Purse but will not let it go; and in his Transportments pulls his Arm to and fro, whilst Scapin reaches at it.*]

Scap. Ay Sir,

Gripe. But tell the Captain, he is a Son of Whore.

Scap. Yes Sir.

Gripe.

44 *The CHEATS of SCAPIN.*

Gripe, A Dogbolt.

Scap. I shall, Sir.

*Gripe, A Thief, a Robber, and that he forces me to pay him 200*l.* contrary to all Law or Equity.*

Scap. Nay, let me alone with him.

Gripe. That I will not forgive him, dead or alive.

Scap. Very good.

Gripe. And that if I ever light on him, I'll murder him privately, and feed Dogs with him.

[He puts up his Purse, and is going away.]

Scap. Right, Sir.

Gripe. Now make Haste, and go redeem my Son.

Scap. Ay, but d'ye hear, Sir; where's the Money?

Gripe. Did I not give it thee?

Scap. Indeed, Sir, you made me believe you would, but you forgot, and put it into your Pocket again.

Gripe. Ha— my Griefs and Fears for my Son make me do I know not what.

Scap. Ay, Sir, I see it does indeed.

Gripe. What a Devil did he do a Shipboard?— Damn'd Pirate, damn'd Renegade, all the Devils in Hell pursue thee.

Scap. How easily a Miser swallows a Load, and how difficult he disgorges a Grain? But I'll not leave him so; he's like to pay in other Coin, for telling Tales of me to his Son.

Enter Octavian and Leander.

*Scap. Well, Sir, I have succeeded in your Business, there's 200*l.* which I have squeez'd out of your Father.*

[To Octavian.]

Off. Triumphant Scapin.

Scap. But for you I can do nothing—

[To Leander.]

Leand. Then may I go hang my self. Friends both Adieu

Scap. D'ye hear, d'ye hear, the Devil has no such Necessity for you yet, that you need ride Post. With much ado I've got your Business done too.

Leand. Is't possible?

Scap. But on Condition that you permit me to revenge my self on your Father for the Trick he has serv'd me.

Leand.

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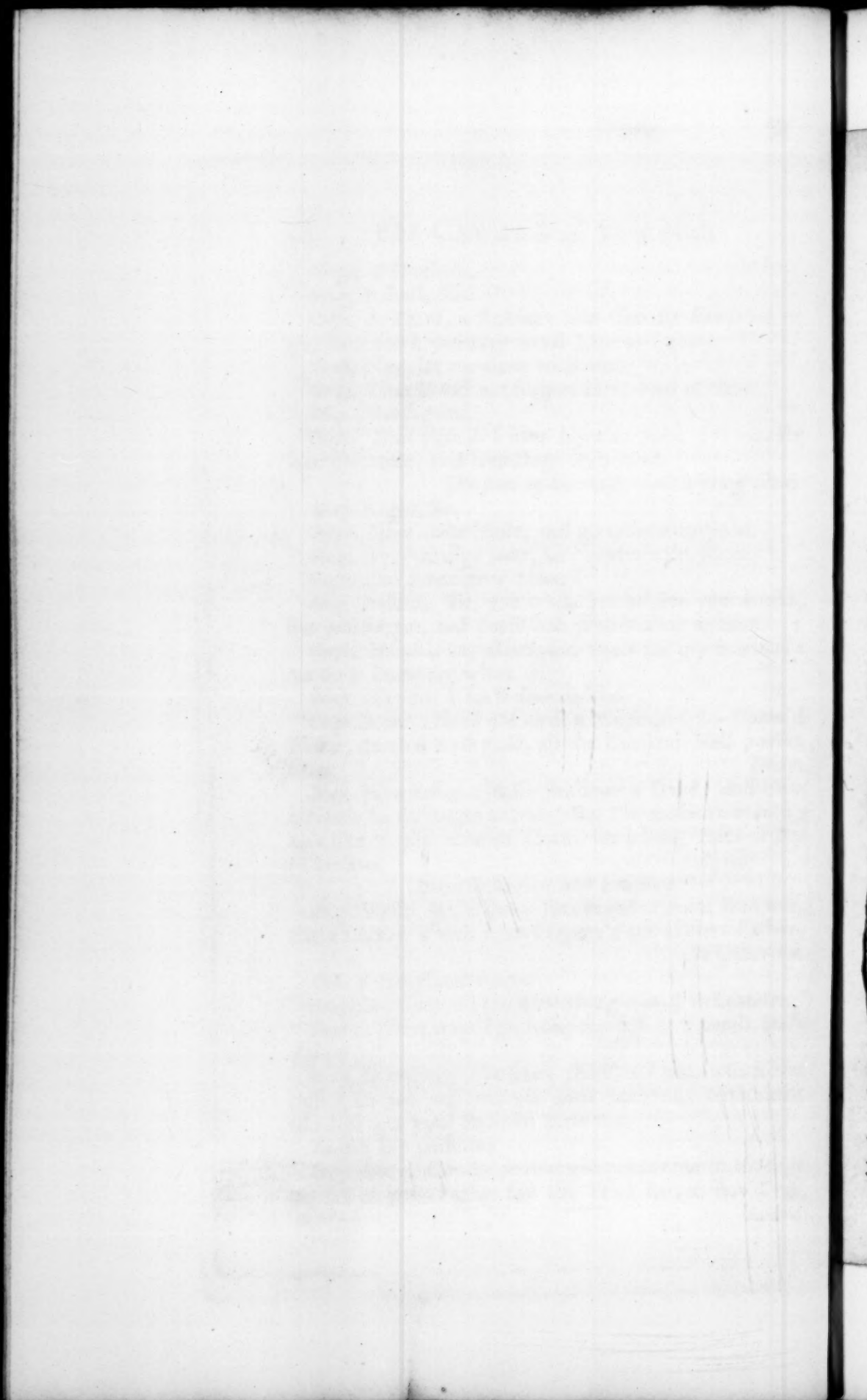
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The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 25

Leand. With all my Heart, at thy own Discretion,
good honest *Scapin*.

Scap. Hold your Hand, there's 200 l.

Leand. My Thanks are too many to pay now: Fare-
well dear Son of *Mercury*, and be prosperous.

Scap. Gramercy, Pupil. Hence we gather,
Give Son the Money, hang up Father.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lucia and Clara.

Lucia. **W**AS ever such a Trick play'd, for us to run
away from our Governesses, where our
careful Fathers had placed us, to follow a couple of
young Gentlemen, only because they said they lov'd us?
I think 'twas a very noble Enterprize! I am afraid the
good Fortune we shall get by it, will very hardly recom-
pense the Reputation we have lost by it.

Clara. Our greatest Satisfaction is, that they are Men of
Fashion and Credit, and for my part I long ago resolv'd
not to marry any other, nor such a one neither, till I had
a perfect Confirmation of his Love; and 'twas an Assu-
rance of *Ottavian*'s that brought me hither.

Luc. I must confess, I had no less a Sense of the Faith
and Honour of *Leander*.

Clara. But seems it not wonderful, that the Circum-
stances of our Fortune should be so nearly ally'd, and
our selves so much Strangers? Besides, if I mistake not,
I see something in *Leander*, so much resembling a Bro-
ther of mine of the same Name, that did not the time
since I saw him make me fearful, I should be often apt
to call him so.

Luc. I have a Brother too, whose Name's *Ottavian*,
bred in *Italy*, and just as my Father took his Voyage, re-
turn'd home; not knowing where to find me, I believe
is the Reason I have not seen him yet. But if I deceive
not my self, there is something in your *Ottavian* that
very much refreshes my Memory of him.

Cl. I wish we might be so happy as we are inclin'd to hope; but there's a strange blind Side in our Natures, which always makes us apt to believe, what we most earnestly desire.

Luc. The worst at last, is but to be forsaken by our Fathers: And for my part, I had rather lose an old Father than a young Lover, when I may with Reputation keep him, and secure my self against the Imposition of fatherly Authority.

Cl. How insufferable it is to be sacrific'd to the Arms of a nauseous Blockhead, that has no other Sence than to eat and drink when it is provided for him, rise in the Morning, and go to Bed at Night, and with much ado be persuaded to keep himself clean!

Luc. A thing of mere Flesh and Blood, and that of the worst sort too, with a squinting meager hang-dog Countenance, that looks as if he always wanted Physick for the Worms.

Cl. Yet such their silly Parents are generally most indulgent to, like Apes never so well pleas'd, as when th'are fondling with their ugly Issue.

Luc. Twenty to one but to some such charming Creatures our careful Fathers had design'd us.

Cl. Parents think they do their Daughters the greatest Kindness in the World, when they get them Fools for their Husbands, and yet are very apt to take it ill if they make the right use of them.

Luc. I'd no more be bound to spend my Days in Marriage to a Fool, because I might rule him, than I would always ride an Ass, because the Creature was gentle.

Cl. See, here's *Scapin*, as full of Designs and Affairs, as a callow Statesman at a Treaty of Peace.

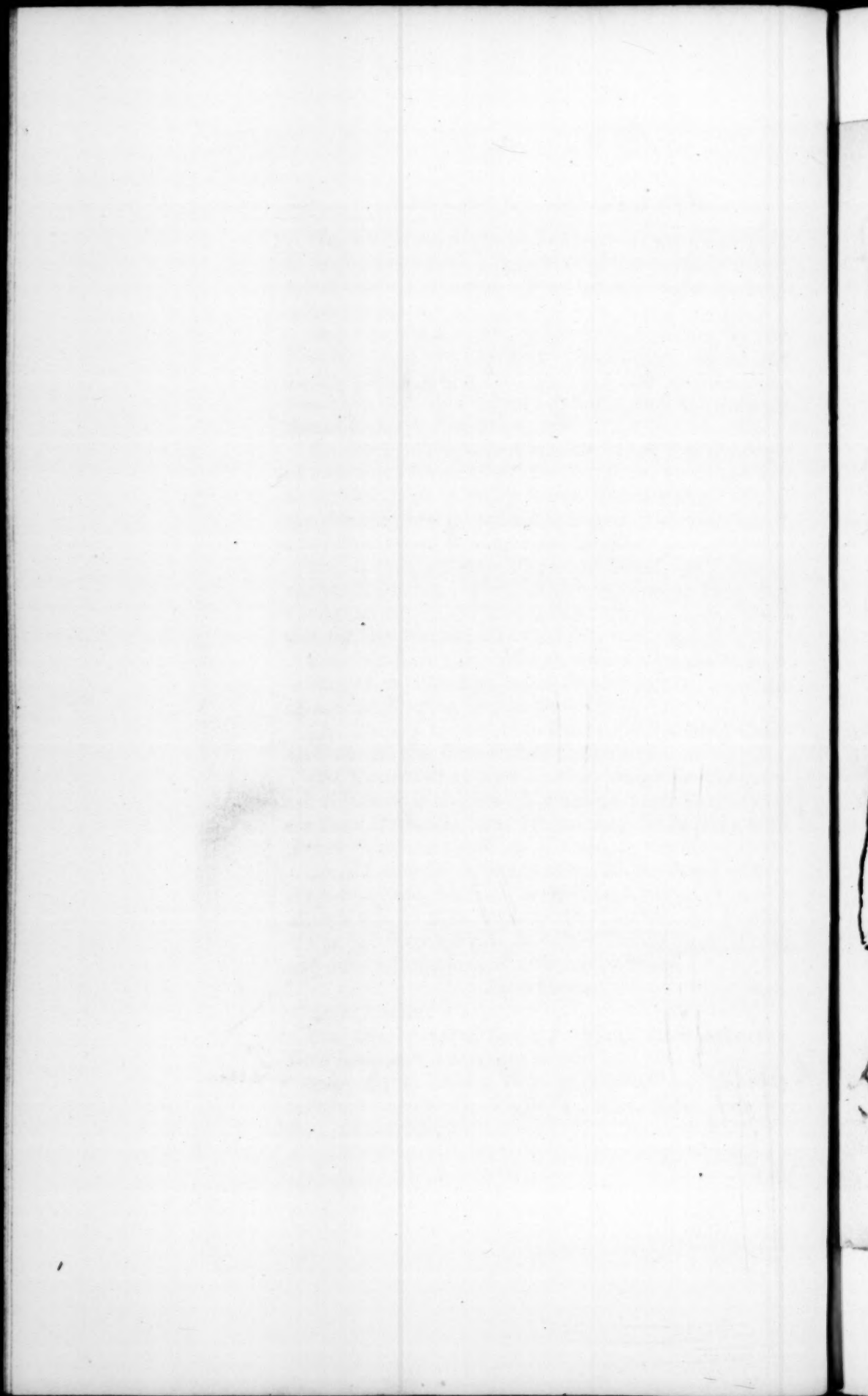
Enter Scapin.

Scap. Ladies!

Cl. Oh, Monsieur *Scapin*! What's the Reason you have been such a Stranger of late?

Scap. Faith, Ladies, Business, Business has taken up my time; and truly, I love an active Life, love my Business extremely.

Luc.



Luc. Methinks tho' this should be a difficult place for a Man of your Excellencies to find Employment in.

Scap. Why faith, Madam, I'm never shy to my Friends: My Business is, in short, like that of all other Men of Business, diligently contriving how to play the Knave and Cheat to get an honest Livelihood.

Cl. Certainly Men of Wit and Parts need never be driven to indirect Courses.

Scap. Oh, Madam! Wit and Honesty, like Oyl and Vinegar, with much ado mingled together, give a Relish to a good Fortune, and pass well enough for Sauce, but are very thin Fare of themselves. No, give me your Knave, your thorough-pac'd Knave; hang his Wit, so he be but Rogue enough.

Luc. You're grown very much out of Humour with Wit, *Scapin*; I hope yours has done you no Prejudice of late.

Scap. No, Madam, your Men of Wit are good for nothing, dull, lazy, restive Snails; 'tis your undertaking, impudent, pushing Fool, that commands his Fortune.

Cl. You are very plain and open in this Proceeding, whatever you are in others.

Scap. Dame Fortune, like most others of the Female Sex, (I speak all this with respect to your Ladyship) is generally most indulgent to the nimble mettled Block-heads; Men of Wit are not for her turn, even too thoughtful when they should be active: Why, who believes any Man of Wit to have so much as Courage? No, Ladies, if yve any Friends that hope to raise themselves, advise them to be as much Fools as they can, and they'll ne'er want Patrons: And for Honesty, if your Ladyship think fit to retire a little further, you shall see me perform upon a Gentleman that's coming this way.

Cl. Prithee, *Lucia*, let us retreat a little, and take this opportunity of some Divertisement; which has been very scarce here hitherto.

Enter Shift with a Sack. 3^d Act begin here.

Scap. Oh, Shift!

Begin

Shift. Speak not too loud, my Master's coming.

Scap. I am glad on't; I shall teach him to betray the

28 The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

Secrets of his Friend. ~~If any Man puts a Trick upon me without return, may I lose this Nose with the Pox, without the Pleasure of getting it.~~

Shift. I wonder at thy Valour, thou art continually venturing that Body of thine, to the Indignity of Bruises and indecent Bastinadoes.

Scap. Difficulties in Adventures make them pleasant when accomplish'd.

Shift. But your Adventures, how comical soever in the Beginning, are sure to be tragical in the End.

Scap. It is no matter. I hate your pusillanimous Spirit: Revenge and Leachery are never so pleasant as when you venture hard for them: begone: Here comes my Man.

Enter Gripe.

Oh, Sir, Sir, shift for your self, quickly, Sir, quickly, Sir, for Heav'n's sake.

Gripe. What's the Matter, Man?

Scap. ~~Heav'n! is this a time to ask Questions? Will you be murder'd instantly,~~ I am afraid you'll be kill'd within these two Minutes.

Gripe. Mercy on me! kill'd! for what?

Scap. They are every where looking out for you.

Gripe. Who, who?

Scap. the Brother of her whom your Son has marry'd; he's a Captain of a Privateer, who has all sorts of Rogues, *English, Scots, Welsh, Irish, French*, under his Command, and all lying in wait now, or searching for you to kill you, because you would null the Marriage: They run up and down crying, where is the Rogue *Gripe*? Where is the Dog? where is the Slave *Gripe*? they watch for you so narrowly, that there's no getting home to your House.

Gripe. Oh, *Scapin*! what shall I do? what will become of me?

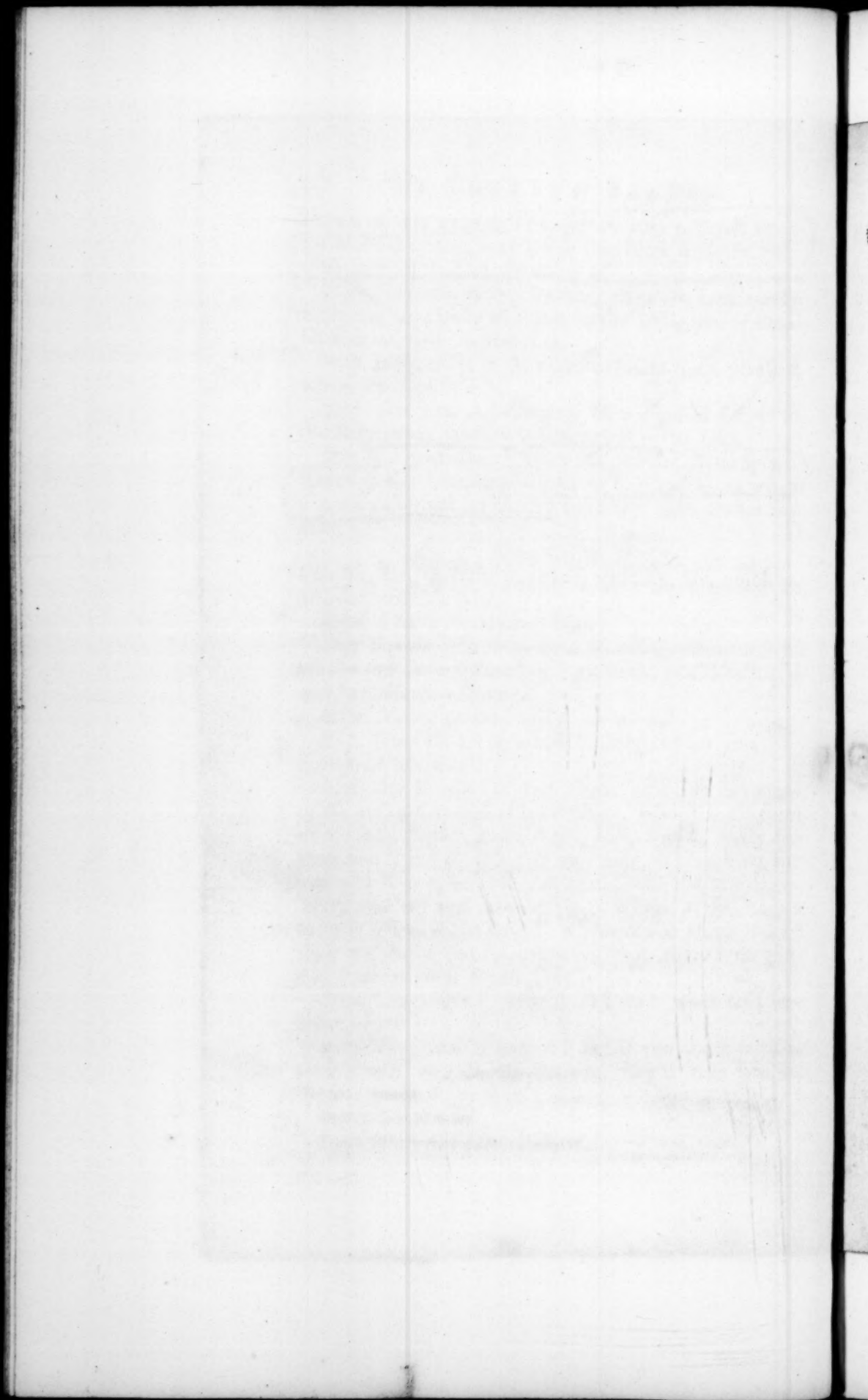
Scap. Nay, Heav'n knows; but if you come within their Reach, ~~they'll do you~~ they'll tear you in Pieces; ~~hark!~~

~~Oh! Oh! Oh!~~

~~Scap. Heav'n! no more of them.~~

Gripe.





The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 29

Gripe. Canst thou find no way for my Escape, dear Scapin?

Scap. I think I have found one.

Gripe. Good Scapin, shew thy self a Man now.

Scap. I shall venture being most immoderately beaten.

Gripe. Dear Scapin do; I will reward thee bounteously: I'll give thee this Suit when I have worn it eight or nine Months longer.

Scap. Listen! who are these?

Gripe. God forgive me, Lord have Mercy upon us.

Scap. No, there's no body; look, if you'll save your Life go into this Sack presently.

Gripe. Oh! who's there?

Scap. No body: Get into the Sack, and stir not, whatever happens; I'll carry you as a Bundle of Goods through all your Enemies to the Major's House of the Castle.

Gripe. An admirable Invention, O Lord! quick.

[Gets into the Sack.]

Scap. Yes, 'tis an excellent Invention, if you knew all, keep in your Head. Oh, here's is a Rogue coming to look for you.

Scapin counterfeits a Welshman.

Do you hear, I pray you, where is Leander's Father, look you.

In his own Voice.

How should I know? what would you have with him—

[Lie close]

Have with him, look you! but has no creat but none but you'd have satisfactions and reparations, look you, for Credits and Honours, by St. Tavy he shall not put the injuries and Affronts upon my Captains, look you now, Sir.

He Affront the Captain, he meddles with no Man.

You lye, Sir, look you, and but will give you Beatings and Chastisements for your Contradictions, when but Welse Plood's up, look you, and but will cudgel your Packs and your Nattles for it; take you that, pray you now.

[Beats the Sack.]

Hold, hold, will you murder me? I know not where he is, nor I.

But will teach savvy, Stacks how they profess but Welse Ploods

Bloods and bur Chollers: and for the old Rogue, bur will have his Gutts and his Plood, look you, Sir, or bur will never wear Leek upon St. Tavy's Day more, look you.

Oh! he has mawl'd me, a damn'd Welsh Rascal.

Gripe, You? The Blows fell upon my Shoulders, Oh! Oh!

Scap. 'Twas only the end of the Stick fell on you, the main substantial part of the Cudgel lighted on me.

Gripe. Why did you not stand farther off?

Scap. Pooe. Here's another Rogue.

In a Lancashire Dialect.

Taw Fellee, wi'th Sack thee, done yow know whear th'awd Rascatt Grip is?

Not I; but here is no Rascal.

Taw Leen, yow Douge yow kacwn weel eenub whear he is, an yowden teell, on't that he is a foo Rascatt as any is in aw the Tacwn; I's tell a that by'r Lady.

Not I, Sir, I know neither, Sir, nor I.

By th' Mess, an ay tack thee in bon, ay's radle the Bones on'thee, ay's keeble thee to some tune.

Me, Sir? I don't understand you.

Why, Th'warr hit thee with the Hobbie, I'll suite th' Naf o'thee.

Hold, hold, Sir, what would you have with him?

Why, I mun knock him dawne with my Kibbo, the first barwt to the ground, and then I mun beat him aw to pap, by th' Mess, and after ay mun cut off the Lugs and Naes on en, and ay wot, he'll be a pretty sweetley Fellee, bawt Lugs and Naes.

Why, truly, Sir, I know not where he is, but he went down that Land.

This Long, sayn ye? Ay's find him, by'r Lady, an he be above ground.

So, he's gone, a damn'd Lancashire Rascal.

Gripe. Oh good Scapin! go on quickly.

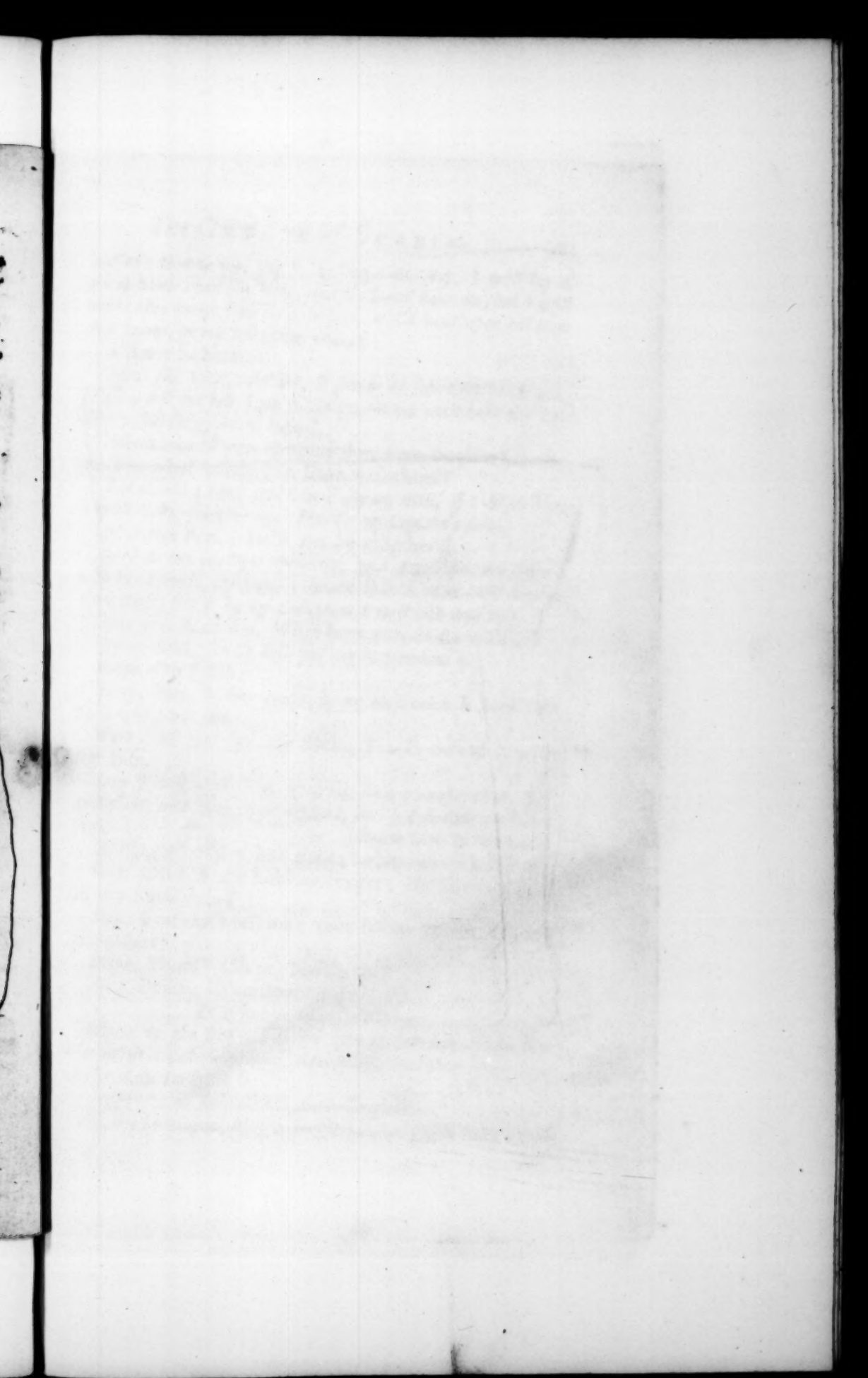
Scap. Hold, here's another. [Gripe pops in his Head.

In an Irish Tone.

Dost thou hear, Sack-man? I pridee sare is the damn'd Dog Gripe?

Why, what's that to you? What know I?

Fat's



The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

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Fat's that to me, Joy? by my Soul, Joy, I will lay a great Blow upon thy Pate, and the Devil take me, but I will make thee know fare he is indeed, or I'll beat upon till thou dost know, by my Salvation indeed.

I'll not be beaten.

Now the Devil take me, I swear by him that made me, if thou dost not tell fare is Gripe, but I will beat thy Father's Child very much indeed.

~~What would you have me do, I can't tell where he is.~~ But what would you have with him?

Fat would I hate with him? By my Soul, if I do see him I will make murther upon him for my Captain's sake.

Murther him? He'll not be murther'd.

If I do lay my Eyes upon him, gad I will put my Sword into his Bowels, the Devil take me indeed. Fat hast down in that Sack, Joy? by my Salvation I will look into it.

But you shall not. What have you do do with it?

By my Soul, Joy, I will put my Rapier into it.

Gripe. Oh! Oh.

Scap. Fatt, it does grunt, by my Salvation de Devil take me I will see it indeed.

You shall not see my Sack; I will defend it with my Life.

Den I will make beat upon thy Body; take that, Joy, and that, and that, upon my Soul, and so I do take my leave, Joy.

[Beats him in the Sack.

A Plague on him, he's gone; he has almost kill'd me.

Gripe. Oh! I can hold no longer; the Blows all fall on my Shoulders!

Scap. You can't tell me; they fell on mine! Oh my Shoulders!

Gripe. Yours? Oh my Shoulders!

Scap. Peace, th'are coming.

In a hoarse Woman's Voice.

Where is the Dog? I'll lay him on fore and aft, swing him with a Cat o' nine-tail, Keel-haul, and then hang him at the Main Tard.

In broken French-English.

If dere be no more Men in England, I will kille him, I will

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32 The CHEATS of SCAPIN.

~~put my Respirer in his Body, I will give him two tree puffs in the Cutter~~

Here Scapin acts a number of 'em together.

We mun go this way—— o' th' Right Hand, no to th' Left Hand—— lie close—— search every where—— by my Salvation I will kill the damn'd Dog—— and we do catch 'em, we'll tear 'em in pieces, and I do here be aware thick away—— no straight forward. Hold, here is his Man, where's your Master—— Damn me, where? in Hell? speak—— Hold, not so furiously—— and you don't tell us where he is, we'll murder thee——

Do what you will, Gentlemen, I know not.

Lay him on thick, thravack him soundly.

Hold, hold, do what you will, I'll ne'er betray my Master.

Knock 'em down, beat 'em soundly, to 'em, at 'em, at 'em, at——

[As he is going to strike, Gripe peeps out, and Scapin takes to his Heels.

Gripe. Oh, Dog, Traitor, Villain! Is this your Plot? Would you have murder'd me, Rogue? Unheard of Impudence!

Enter Thrifty.

Oh, Brother Thrifty! You come to see me loaden with Disgrace; the Villain Scapin has, as I am sensible now, cheated me of 200 l. This beating brings all into my Memory.

Thri. The impudent Varlet has gul'd me of the same Sum.

Gripe. Nor was he content to take my Money, but hath abus'd me at that barbarous rate that I am ashamed to tell it; but he shall pay for it severely.

Thrif. But this is not all, Brother; one Misfortune is the Forerunner of another: Just now I receiv'd Letters from London, that both our Daughters have run away from their Governesses, with two wild debauch'd young Fellows, that they fell in love with.

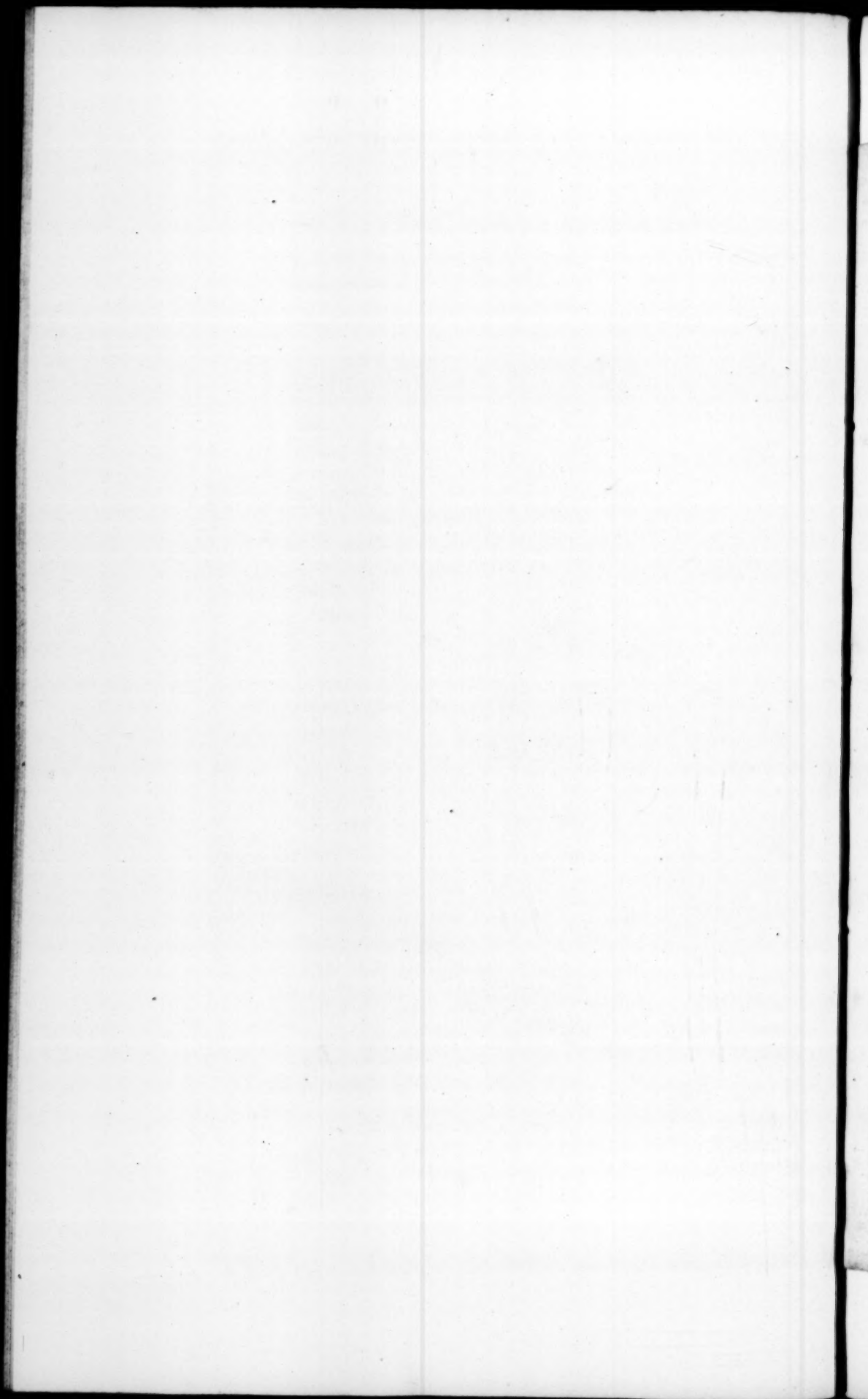
Enter Lucia and Clara.

Luc. Was ever such malicious Impudence seen.—hah— Surely, if I mistake not, that should be my Father.

Gla. And the other mine, whom Scapin has us'd thus.

Luc.

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Luc. Bless us ! return'd, and we not know of it ?

Cla. What will they say to find us here ?

Luc. My dearest Father, welcome to England.

Thrif. My Daughter *Luce* ?

Luc. The same, Sir.

Gripe. My *Clara* here too ?

Cla. Yes, Sir, and happy to see your safe Arrival.

Thrif. What strange Destiny has directed this Happiness to us.

Enter Octavian.

Gripe. Hey day !

Thrif. Oh, Son ! I have a Wife for you.

Off. Good Father, all your Propositions are vain ; I must needs be free, and tell you, I am engag'd.

Thrif. Look you now ; is not this very fine ! Now I have a Mind to be merry, and to be friends with you, you'll not let me now, will you ? I tell you, Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter here —

Off. I'll never marry Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter, Sir, as long as I live : No, yonder's she that I must love, and can never entertain the Thoughts of any other.

Cla. Yes *Octavian*, I have at last met with my Father, and all our Fears and Troubles are at an end.

Thrif. Law ye now, you would be wiser than the Father that begot you, wou'd you ? Did I not always say you should marry Mr. *Gripe's* Daughter ? But you don't know your Sister *Luce*.

Off. Unlook'd for Blessing ! why she's my Friend *Leander's* Wife !

Thrif. How, *Leander's* Wife !

Gripe. What, my Son *Leander* ?

Off. Yes, Sir, your Son *Leander*.

Gripe. Indeed ! Well, Brother *Thrift*, 'tis true, the Boy was always a good natur'd Boy. Well, now I am so overjoy'd that I cou'd laugh till I shook my shoulders, but that I dare not, they are so sore. But look, here he comes.

Enter Leander.

Leand. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I find my Marriage is discover'd ; nor would I indeed have longer conceal'd it ; this is my Wife, I must own her.

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Gripe.

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Gripe. Brother *Thrifty*, did you ever see the like, did you ever see the like? Ha?

Thrif. Own her, quoth a! why kiss her, kiss her, Man; odsbodikins, when I was a Young Fellow, and was first marry'd, I did nothing else for three Months, O my Conscience I got my Boy out there, the first Night, before the Curtains were drawn!

Gripe. Well, 'tis his Father's own Child. Just so Brother, was it with me upon my Wedding-day, I could not look upon my Dear without Blushing; but when we were a-Bed, Lord have mercy upon us!—but I'll no more.

Leand. Is then my Father reconcil'd to me?

Gripe. Reconcil'd to thee, why I love thee at my Heart Man, at my Heart; why 'tis my Brother *Thrifty's* Daughter, Mrs. *Lucy*, whom I always design'd for thy Wife, and that's thy Sister *Clara* marry'd to Mr. *Offa* there.

Leand. *Offaviam*, are we then Brothers? there is nothing that I could have rather wish'd after the Completing of my Happiness with my Charming *Lucia*.

Thrif. Come, Sir, hang up your Compliments in the Hall at home, they are old and out of Fashion, *Shift*, go to the Inn, and bespeak a Supper may cost more Money than I have ready to pay for't, for I am resolv'd to run in Debt to Night.

Shift. I shall obey your Commands, Sir.

Thrif. Then d'ye hear, send out and muster up all the Fiddlers (blind or not Blind, drunk or sober) in the Town: let not so much as the Roaster of Tunes, with his crack'd Cymbal in a Case escape ye.

Gripe. Well, what would I give now for the Fellow that sings the Song at my Lord Mayor's Feast: I myself would make an Epithalamium by Way of Sonnet, and he should set a Tune to it; 'twas the prettiest he had last Time.

Enter Sly.

Sly. Oh, Gentlemen, here is the strangest Accident fallen out.

Thrif. What's the Matter?

Sly. Poor *Scapin*.

Gripe. Ha! Rogue, let him be hang'd. I'll hang him my self.

Sly.

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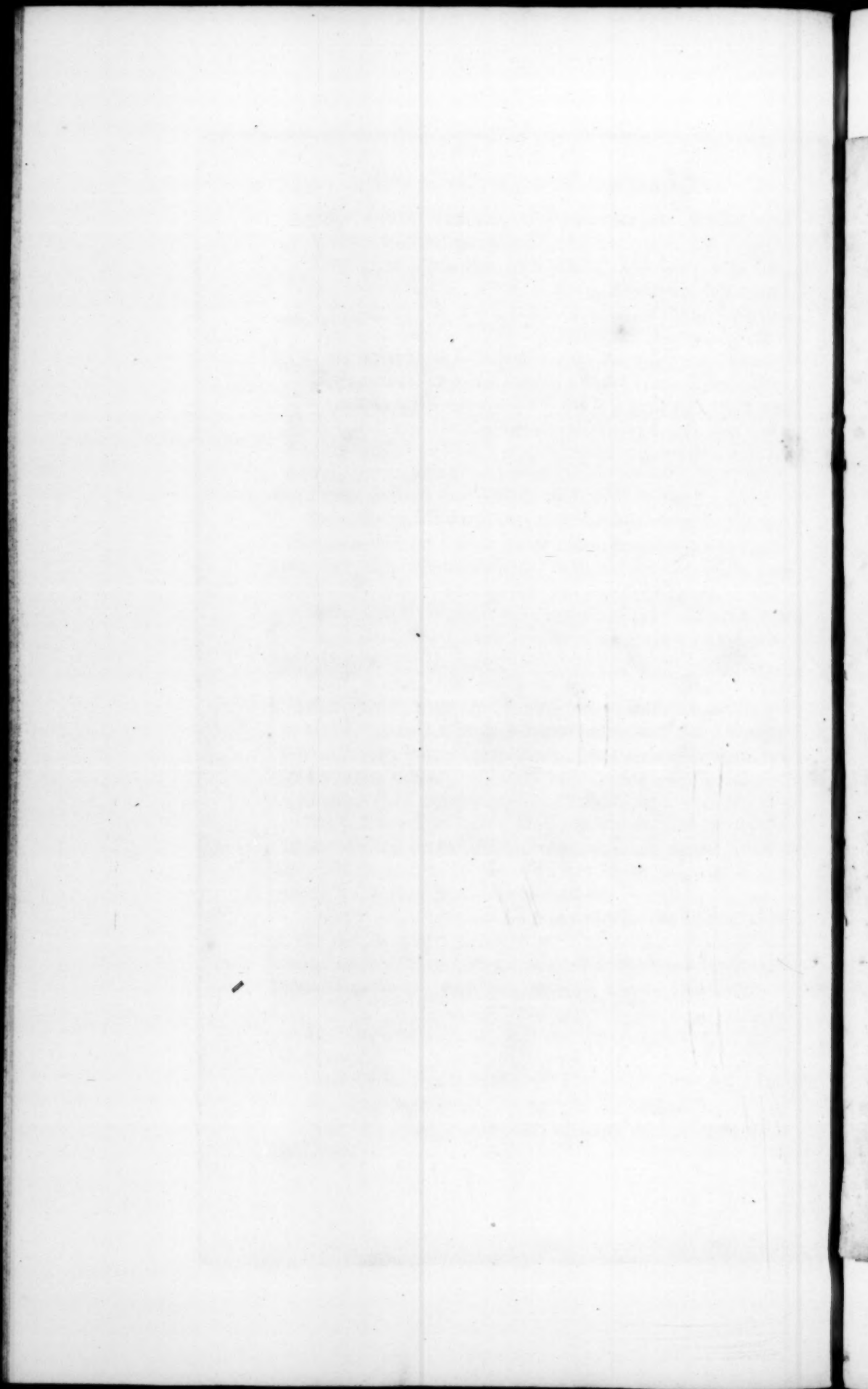
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The CHEATS of SCAPIN. 35

Sly. Oh, Sir, that Trouble you may spare, for passing by a Place where they were building, a great Stone fell upon his Head, and broke his Skull so, you may see his Brains.

Thrif. Where is he?

Sly. Yonder he comes.

Enter Scapin between two, his Head wrapt up in Linnen as if he had been wounded.

Scap. Oh me! Oh me! Gentlemen, ~~you see me~~, you see me in a sad Condition, cut off like a Flower in the Prime of my Years: But yet I could not die without the Pardon of those I have wrong'd; yes, Gentlemen, I beseech you to forgive me all the Injuries that I have done; but more especially, I beg of you, Mr. *Thrifty*, and my good Master Mr. *Gripe*.

Thrif. For my part, I pardon thee freely; go and die in Peace.

Scap. But 'tis you, Sir, I have most offended, by the inhuman Bastinadoes which——

Gripe. Prithee speak no more of it; I forgive thee too.

Scap. 'Twas a most wicked Insolence in me, that I should with vile Crab-tree Cudgel——

Gripe. Pish, no more, I say I am satisfy'd.

Scap. And now so near my Death, 'tis an unexpressible Grief that I should dare to lift my Hand against——

Gripe. Hold thy Peace, or die quickly, I tell thee I have forgot all——

Scap. Alas! how good a Man you are! But, Sir, d'ye pardon me freely, and from the Bottom of your Heart, those merciless Drubsthat——

Gripe. Prithee speak no more of it; I forgive thee freely, here's my Hand upon't.

Scap. Oh! Sir, how much your Goodness revives me!

[Pulls off his Cap.]

Gripe. How's that! Friend, take notice I pardon thee, but 'tis upon Condition that you are sure to die.

Scap. Oh me! I begin to faint again.

Thrif.

Thrif. Come, fie Brother, never let Revenge employ your Thoughts now; forgive him, forgive him without any Condition.

Gripe. A dewce on't, Brother, as I hope to be sav'd, he beat me basely and scurvily, never stir he did: But since you will have it so, I do forgive him.

Thrif. Now then let's to Supper, and in our Mirth drown and forget all Troubles.

Scap. Ay, and let them carry me to the lower End of the Table;

Where in my Chair of State I'll sit at Ease,

And eat and Drink, that I may die in Peace.

[A Dance.

[Exeunt omnes.]



F I N I S.



